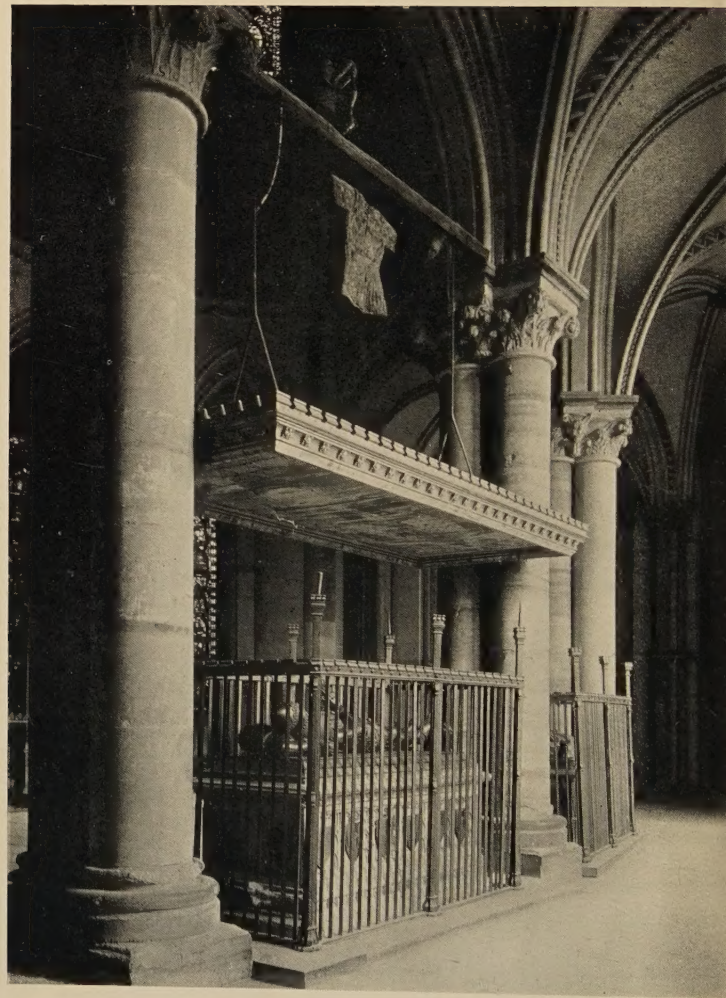






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CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL
THE TOMB OF THE BLACK PRINCE

THE LURE OF ENGLISH CATHEDRALS (SOUTHERN)

BY

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'THE LURE OF THE RIVIERA' ETC.

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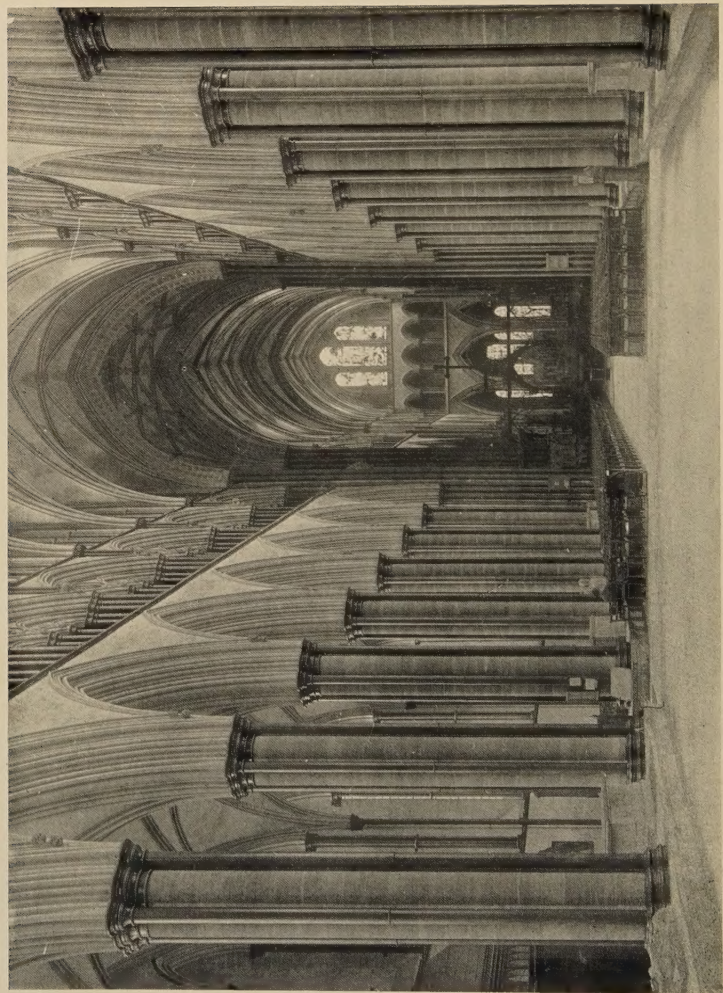
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SALISBURY CATHEDRAL

THE NAVE



PREFACE

WHENEVER we find ourselves in a new town or village there must be many who, like myself, turn their first steps to the Cathedral or Church, especially if it happens to be of ancient date; for it is there that we may best learn something of our new locality.

Bosham for instance: when we first catch sight of—

“ . . . the sea creek, the petty rill

That falls into it, the green field, the grey church ”—

who would guess that the little daughter of the great Cnut still lies, folded in her golden hair, at the entrance to the choir; or that it was at the ancient altar here that Harold knelt before setting sail on his ill-fated voyage to Normandy.

In ancient days the life of each town or village centred in its Church. It was the first place to be visited on arrival. It was to the Church of the Holy Rood at Southampton that Philip of Spain went immediately after his landing to return thanks for his voyage; and upon reaching Winchester, where his unknown bride was awaiting him, it was to the Cathedral he first made his way, to kneel before the altar and beg God's blessing on his marriage. For in the days when faith in

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the unseen was yet strong in the hearts of men, the Church was the earthly home of the soul to which all came in hours of special joy or sorrow. Therefore, if we wish to learn something of the story of the past, we cannot do better than visit these worshipping places our forefathers held and surely still hold dear.

But the time we can linger in each is so short. Just a glimpse caught in passing is all we can allow ourselves. And the shades of the old folk are shy about coming forth from the corners where they have hidden so long. There will be so many, so many who have escaped us altogether, Charles I. and his little French bride at Canterbury, Edward the Confessor who was crowned at Winchester. . . . We can but mention one here and there. But if my readers will but visit these Southern Cathedrals, not rushing through in a few minutes, but settling down in some quiet lodging to spend a few days wandering and dreaming about the aisles and cloisters, perhaps reading in the Cathedral library, or listening to the stories of the Dean or his verger, they will learn many things of which I have no space to tell, and gain a knowledge of the past which will, I think, help them to understand the present.

FRANCES M. GOSTLING

BARNINGHAM

SLINDON, SUSSEX

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THE LURE OF ENGLISH CATHEDRALS

I

CANTERBURY

“ Our Holy Mother Canterbury, who sits
With tattered robes . . . ” TENNYSON

How can I in a few short pages give any adequate idea of the visions and memories which crowd in upon one at the very name of Canterbury! Once more we picture the valley of the Stour, as it was in ancient times, the broad gracious valley with its river flowing in the midst, and the coast roads meeting at the ford which all passengers must cross before continuing their way northward. It was the only crossing-place for many miles, and so important that the Romans raised a fortress beside it, which they called Durovernum, from the British name for the Stour, Durwhern, swift river. That was the beginning of Canterbury, for around the fortress gathered a village, a town, and around the town rose walls with their gates and towers much as we see them to-day. And on a hill to the east the richer Romans had their villas and gardens, and here also arose the

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little church which we know now as Saint Martin's.

But the Romans had long quitted Britain, and Christianity had practically died out of Kent when we next catch a glimpse of Durovernum. The Saxons had made themselves masters of the land, had swept it with fire and sword, massacring the men, and making slaves or wives of the women, for the Teuton is always the Teuton and always will be. Durovernum is Durovernum no longer, but Cantuaraburgh, and Ethelbert is reigning with his French queen, Bertha, in their palace beside the Stour. Bertha, who is the granddaughter of Clovis, King of the Franks, is a Christian, and has for chaplain the holy Bishop of Soissons, Luithard, who celebrates Mass every morning in the little old Romano-British church dedicated to Saint Martin of Tours.

I visited it the other day, starting from what is probably the site of Ethelbert's palace, where now stands the home of the Archbishop, and, making my way across the Cathedral close, went out through the city wall by the little postern, still known as Queeningate, through which Bertha used to pass on her way to church, and so across the moat, and through the grounds of Saint Augustine's Abbey, till I came to the Church of Saint Pancras with its ruined chancel arch. Here for a moment I paused in what was once the south *porticus*, before that shapeless heap of

earth and stones, said to be the remains of the altar on which Ethelbert offered sacrifice to his heathen divinities, the very altar concerning which Augustine wrote to Pope Saint Gregory, and which he afterwards purified and consecrated to the service of the true God, dedicating it to Saint Pancras, the child martyr of Rome. And as I pictured the scene, and the tall form of the Christian missionary standing before the cleansed altar, I seemed to hear the spirit of the old pagan god as he fled howling from the building, tearing his way out through the wall, so that for many years the marks of his claws could be seen on the stones.

And then I went on up the hill to Saint Martin's, where I found reminders—some old, many new—of the days of which we are thinking : old walled-up doors, beautiful modern windows picturing the lives of Augustine and his royal patrons, above all the font, which we shall notice later. And so we pass out of the valley by Longport Street, and follow the road to the coast.

It is the 25th of April, in the year 597. A shipful of monks has arrived on the coast of Kent, sent from Rome by the great and holy Pope Saint Gregory, to convert the pagan Saxons. Ever since that memorable day when Gregory, then a simple Benedictine monk, found the fair-haired Saxon boys standing in the Roman slave-

market, his fatherly heart has yearned over Saxon Britain. He has even started off himself on a missionary journey to that far land, but has been brought back by the tears and prayers of his own people. Now, he has been chosen Pope, and news has reached him that Ethelbert, influenced by his wife, is quite kindly disposed toward the Christian religion, so he has sent forty of his best monks—under the leadership of Augustine, Prior of Saint Andrew's Monastery in Rome—to carry out his plans for the Christianizing of the new inhabitants of our island. For some days the monks have been detained on the Isle of Thanet, the King being somewhat suspicious of strangers, especially of priests, whom in his heathen mind he connects with witchcraft and magic. Even when he goes down to inspect them he meets them in the open air for fear of the spells they might cast upon him. However, satisfied at last as to their intentions, he gives them permission to settle in his kingdom, and promises them a temporary dwelling just outside the walls of Canterbury. So vivid is the old story related by Bede, that, as we climb the hill and reach the upland country beyond, the centuries roll back and we fancy we see, skirting the little wood to the left, a procession advancing along the old Roman road. It is a bright April morning, and the sun glitters upon the great silver cross, and on the "Image of Our Lord and Saviour

painted upon a board," and as they come nearer, we can hear the boy Honorius intoning the prayers for the day, and the monks chanting their litanies. As they pass me I see Augustine, whom I have long singled out by his great height, turn and look downward to where, on the right, lies Canterbury, his future home, and the scene of his many labours. Then we follow them down the hill, and as they enter the city their voices unite in one great prayer, whose very words have come down to us through the centuries : " We beseech Thee, O Lord, in all Thy mercy, that Thy anger and wrath be turned away from this city, and from Thy Holy House, for we have sinned. Hallelujah ! "

I suppose it is a vision, a fancy, Canterbury is full of such dreams. While staying there it is almost impossible to distinguish between the dream and the actual, the past and the present. But as, with my mind's eye, I follow the little band bearing the gifts of Saint Gregory, the great two-volumed Bible, the Psalter, the Book of the Gospel, the Histories of the Christian Martyrs, the Lives of the Apostles, it all seems very real indeed, and I remember how the Canterbury Book mentions these precious manuscripts as being the " Foundation of the Library of the whole English Church."

Ethelbert had assigned the monks a temporary dwelling just outside the walls of his city, and here,

as the old historian says : “ They began to imitate the course of life practised in the Primitive Church, preaching the Word of Life to as many as they could, despising all worldly things, receiving only their necessary food from those they taught,” so that converts began to multiply, and even Ethelbert himself “ admired the simplicity of these innocent lives and the sweetness of their heavenly doctrine.”

We all know the charming story of the conversion of the Saxon King, and of how on Whitsunday he was baptised in the old font at Saint Martin’s. It was much lower and probably larger than it is to-day, and stood in the centre of the church. And if, as some people believe, the western end of the building was nothing but a great open archway, after the style of the early church at Bosham, as shown in the Bayeux Tapestry, and of many pilgrim churches abroad, what a sight it must have been for the people of Canterbury, standing on the slopes below, to see their great and good King making his public confession of faith, and then, laying aside his royal robes, kneeling humbly in the font while the priest poured the water three times over his head. And afterwards Augustine celebrated Mass, and Ethelbert, in his white baptismal robes, made his first Communion, and, according to the custom of the time, partook of milk, water, and honey. What must the feelings of Queen Bertha

have been as she watched; she who, there can be no doubt, had, by her holy influence, been the first means of her husband's conversion.

After that, the King gave the monks a tract of ground between Saint Martin's and the town, to build a monastery and a church, where the Kings of Kent and the Archbishops of England—for such Augustine was shortly created—might be buried, since in those times it was not lawful to bury within the city wall. That was the beginning of the great Abbey of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, known later as the Abbey of Saint Augustine. And he gave Augustine his own royal palace to live in, retiring himself to a castle he owned at Reculver. He also built a house for monks near the palace, and repaired an old Romano-British church which stood close by, to serve as a cathedral. This Augustine dedicated to Our Saviour, and the monastery became known as the Priory of Christ Church.

Such was the beginning of the See of Canterbury, a royal beginning truly, and quickly followed by the conversion of nearly the whole of the surrounding population. For, although no pressure was put upon his subjects, as the old chronicler quaintly says, "Ethelbert shewed more affection to the believers as to his fellow citizens in the Heavenly Kingdom."

There is no space here to tell of the unfortunate differences which arose between the Welsh bishops

and Augustine. This remnant of the Church, which, in answer to the prayer of the British King Lucius, had been founded by Rome in the second century, had, since the Saxon invasion, remained almost completely isolated from the rest of the Christian world; and, as is the way with isolated churches, had sunk back into error and superstition. Both clergy and people were very distrustful of foreigners, which indeed is not surprising when one considers the frightful sufferings they had endured from the Saxon hordes that had swept over their land. They also looked with jealous suspicion on this foreign bishop, who seemed to their somewhat prejudiced minds decidedly too much taken up with these same barbarian invaders, from whom they held themselves proudly aloof. No doubt they believed, as did Gildas himself, that these "fierce and impious Saxons were a race hateful both to God and men," and no more open to the influences of religion than the wild beasts of their forests. But to Augustine, with his broader outlook, no human soul was hopeless. Moreover, he was fighting for the unity of the Church. We all know the story of his repeated attempts to induce the Welsh bishops to unite with him in his Apostolic work, and of their persistent refusal. It was a lamentable division in what might otherwise have become a united Christianity. However, whether they were right or wrong is not for us to

judge. Our affair is to catch some scattered glimpses of the history of Christ Church and of the great men who were connected with it.

How interesting it would have been to watch Augustine raise out of the ruins of the old Roman church the first cathedral of Canterbury, burned, alas, in 1067 during the great fire which destroyed almost all the town. The monk Edmer remembered seeing it when he was a little choir-boy and came to Canterbury to sing with the monks; and he tells us how, when later he saw the first Saint Peter's at Rome, he was astonished to find how much the two churches resembled one another. Both were built in the form of a basilica, with a lofty central nave, and an apse at either end. Two stairways led to the presbytery, and between them was the gaping entrance to the crypt, just as one sees to-day in very ancient churches abroad, for instance, at Saint Radagonde of Poitiers, or Les Saintes Maries in the Camargues.

Phenomenal as were the results of Augustine's mission, its duration was but short, his whole life in England lasting but some seven years. And then, still a young man, but worn with labours and anxieties, he died, and, as Bede tells us, "was buried without, close by the Church of the Apostles Peter and Paul, by reason that the same was not yet finished, nor consecrated."

He goes on to say that the body was brought

in later and decently buried in the north porticus, and on the tomb were put these words: "Here rests the Lord Augustine, first Archbishop of Durovernum, sent hither by the blessed Gregory, Bishop of the city of Rome, strengthened by God with the gift of miracles. He led King Ethelbert and his nation from the worship of idols to the true Faith, and, having ended the days of his office in peace, died the twenty-sixth day of May in the reign of the said King."

We were staying, a week or two ago, in a little ancient house beside one of the gateways of this Abbey of Saint Augustine, and often used to wander in of an evening, when our day's work at the Cathedral was over, to watch the excavations which are being made in the foundations of the great church. And there, in what was undoubtedly the north porticus or aisle of King Ethelbert's original building, we were shown, standing against the wall, the tombs of three of Saint Augustine's immediate successors, Laurence, consecrated Archbishop before Augustine's death, Mellitus and Justus. But of Father Augustine himself nothing visible remains, save the foundation of the great pillar in which later was enclosed his original tile coffin.

Yet for the great missionary is not his memory living in every stone of Canterbury? As from the brow of Saint Martin's hill, on that memorable spring morning, he looked down into the Valley

of the Stour, could even such faith as his have foreseen the results of his labours? As we stand there to-day we see the ancient city bristling all over with churches—Saint Mildred's, Saint George's, Saint Andrew's, Saint Michael's Bur-gate, Saint Mary Magdalene's, Saint Alphege's, . . . and, just outside Westgate, Saint Dunstan's, where lies the head of Blessed Thomas More, who died for the same faith which Augustine came to preach. And, in the midst, "raising itself aloft near the heart of the city," is the glorious cathedral of to-day standing on the site and over the crypt of that original Christ Church, which, as the old chronicler says, "was built in ancient time by the faithful and believing Romans." And as our eyes rest upon it let us turn, and, dropping down the hill, and making our way through the quaint old streets with their shop signs hanging overhead, pass under Christ Church Gate, and through the well-kept close to the south porch of the Cathedral.

It was in this great "Suth Dure," as it is still called, that all disputes and lawsuits which could not be judged in the King's Court, were settled. Over the outer door Erasmus saw the statues of Becket's three murderers, when he made his famous pilgrimage to the shrine of Saint Thomas with his friend Colet, and entered the nave, which he says he found empty except for a few books chained to the pillars.

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There can be nothing more wonderful and impressive than the sight of this nave. All thought of the world without vanishes as we enter, and we scarcely heed, as some learned friend tells us, how Archbishop Lanfranc built a church on the ruins of that raised by Saint Augustine, and how, finding it in a dilapidated condition on his accession to the See in the fourteenth century, Archbishop Sudbury and his successors, William Courtney and Thomas Arundel, re-erected it in its present magnificent form. And as we sit listening (or not listening according to our interest in such matters) to details of architecture, of how the old Norman columns were recased and buttressed to support the weight of the Angel Tower, of how the nave itself is late Gothic, showing here and there traces of the still later Tudor style, our eyes will be following the lines of the reedlike shafts as they soar upward to bow and meet in the vaulting of the roof, and our thoughts will turn to that valiant and wise Chancellor, Archbishop Sudbury, who started the fund for raising this wonderful stone avenue, and was beheaded during Wat Tyler's rebellion, and we shall remember how, when some years since his tomb in the south choir aisle was opened, a ball of lead was found where his head should have been.

And there is Archbishop Courtney who left vast sums toward the completion of the nave. He lies, if indeed he lies at Canterbury at all,

at the feet of the Black Prince, whose executor he was.

And we think of Thomas Arundel, younger brother of that Richard, Earl of Arundel, who was beheaded in Cheapside by order of Richard II. for being too friendly with the Earl of Gloucester, the King's uncle. After having been forced to see his brother executed, Thomas Arundel was sent into exile and did not return until he was summoned by the victorious Bolingbroke. It was this Thomas, who, as Archbishop of Canterbury, received the crown and sceptre on the abdication of Richard II., and, subsequently at Westminster Abbey, took the principal part in the coronation of Henry IV., so graphically described by Froissart. Indeed, it was Archbishop Arundel, who, from the four corners of the scaffold on which Henry was seated, proclaimed to the people how "God had given them a man for their Lord and Sovereign," and asked their consent to his being consecrated and crowned king.

As we walk slowly up the nave, its vastness and majesty seem to increase and to crush us to the earth; "the piers rising from the pavement like some natural forest of stone," as someone has beautifully said. It needed to be vast, for it was here the pilgrims waited in ancient times till their turn came to pass up by one of the great stairways leading to the Chapel of the Trinity,

where stood the shrine of Saint Thomas. The number of these pilgrims sounds incredible to our modern ears, eight, ten thousand a day, a hundred thousand on one of the great festivals. No wonder the stairs are worn by the knees of the worshippers.

The farther east we go the more mystically beautiful does the great building become, the vast piers supporting the central tower, the torn and faded flags brought home to the Cathedral after the late war, the delicate stone lace of the buttress arches, the mighty central stairway leading to the choir, the broad platform which breaks it, where once, in the days when the Rood towered above, stood the altar of the Holy Cross. As for the screen, impressive still, what must it have been in its glory? It has been magnificently restored, but no amount of care or money can bring back the original statues to their mitred niches, or give us again the childlike faith and reverence with which the Canterbury Pilgrims regarded this entrance to their Holy of Holies. We feel this most strongly when we pass through the velvet curtains and enter the choir, for here some of the greatest changes have taken place, and I doubt whether Archbishop Stephen Langton, who knew this choir in all its original significant beauty, would recognize the old sanctuary, where over the altar once stood the

great Golden Glory, flanked on either side by cherubim and gilded chests full of the relics of saints. As for the altar itself, it stood, more or less, where are now the communion rails, while on the emplacement of the present altar was set the Archbishop's great stone throne, now to be found in the Corona, where formerly was kept the head of Saint Thomas.

Saint Dunstan lies, or lay, to the south of the altar, and Saint Alphege to the north. Both were great men, as well as great churchmen. Saint Dunstan we shall meet again, as a young man, elsewhere. But as the great and holy Archbishop, who feared neither king nor devil, he belongs to Canterbury. We shall encounter him in many of the old chronicles, a man with so high an ideal of religion and human life, that in the licentious days in which he lived he constantly gave offence by his very goodness and purity. In his latter years, finding his advice set at naught by the new king and his court, he retired altogether to his See, where he passed his days teaching the boys of his school the wonderful handicrafts of which he was a master, and constantly taking part in the Cathedral services. And it was at Canterbury that, after preaching three times on Ascension Day, he died his holy death just as he finished reciting the psalm, "Ascendit Deus in jubilatione. . . ." ¹

¹ Psalm xlvii.

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Alphege, who is less widely known, lived a little later, and was Archbishop when the Danes sacked Canterbury. They murdered all the monks save four, and carried the Archbishop away with them to their camp at Greenwich, expecting a large ransom to be paid for him. For seven months he lived a prisoner among the savage pirates, continually tempted with a promise of freedom if he would order the treasure of the Cathedral to be given up. Then one day, when a great feast was being held, Alphege was brought in. "Gold, Bishop, give us gold!" rose the cry, and upon his replying that he would never "provide Christian food for pagan teeth," the drunken revellers began pelting the old man with the bones and horns of the oxen which had been slaughtered for their feast, till one of his own converts, whom he had baptized only a day or so before, killed him out of pity, with a blow on the head.

When I close my eyes and try to picture once more the vast building, I lose myself among the chapels, the transepts, the towers, the choir aisles, the little secret stairways, and hiding-places, the treasury, the watching galleries, and above all the crypt. Was there ever such a crypt? Let us descend into it by the north stair, and, passing beneath the beautiful Norman doorway, wander about in the spectral twilight, among the forest of low squat pillars with their

rudely sculptured capitals. Here we shall meet many shades we know, ghosts of great churchmen of whom we learned in childhood, kings, queens, saints, scholars. Here is Archbishop Lanfranc, some of whose work remains not only in the Cathedral above, but surely in the crypt, for, as old William Gostling says in his "Walks about Canterbury," "That Anselm pulled down and rebuilt all that Lanfranc had done not twenty years before seems highly improbable."

As we walk along the aisles of this undercroft, as the crypt is called, Lanfranc will tell us of his early days in Italy, and of his passion for teaching : of the famous school he founded at Avranches, and of the noted scholars who were educated there. And we may perhaps hear of the day when, weary and dissatisfied with the many honours which were thrust upon him, he made up his mind to become a monk, and set out to find some humble monastery where he might pass the remainder of his days in prayer and meditation. And he will speak of the encounter with the robbers, and of the terrible night he spent tied to a tree face to face with death, when to his horror he found himself unable to remember any of the words of the Divine Office, so that when, at dawn, he was discovered and released, he hastened to the little monastery of Bec in Normandy, and there became Prior under the soldier-abbot Herlwin. Told there among the

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shadows, the centuries seem to roll backwards as we picture him the friend and adviser of William of Normandy, of whose new monastery at Caen he became the Abbot. And soon after the conquest of England, we see him appointed Archbishop of this same town of Canterbury, where he set himself to work to rebuild the Cathedral which had fallen into ruins, and to establish in all the churches subject to him the great Sarum Use of Bishop Osmund, thereby adding his stone to the temple of unity founded by Saint Augustine four centuries earlier. We shall hear too of Lanfranc's famous dispute with Thomas, Archbishop of York, and of their journey to Rome, where the very Pope himself rose to meet the celebrated Lanfranc, "the great mover of everything," as William of Malmesbury calls him, and presented him with two palls instead of one, in token of his esteem.

But perhaps the most interesting story of Lanfranc is one connected with the monks of Saint Augustine's. There had for many years been a rivalry between this abbey and the Priory of Christ Church, the former considering that it had been cheated of its original right as the appointed burial-place of the archbishops; and the latter not improving matters by claiming the right to appoint abbots to Saint Augustine's. About a year before Lanfranc's death, the abbacy being vacant, the Archbishop chose and con-

secrated a certain Wydo for the post, and taking with him Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, the Conqueror's brother, who happened to be staying at Canterbury, went to Saint Augustine's to present Wydo to the monks as their Abbot. The scene which followed must have been tremendous. One and all, the brethren refused to receive them. Commands, arguments, threats availed nothing. Doors were closed upon them, and they were left standing without. Then Lanfranc, who, though eighty-four years of age, had lost nothing of that fire and determination which made him so admired and respected by the all-powerful William of Normandy, ordered the refractory monks to leave the building one by one, and when it was all but empty, led in the new abbot with due ceremony, and delivered up to him the keys of the monastery and church. As for the monks they resisted, we are told, till dinner time, when they got so hungry that they returned and swore obedience to Abbot Wydo upon the relics of Saint Augustine, as the custom was. However, even then poor Wydo seems to have been unable to manage these truculent monks, for within a year one of their number, Columban, was accused before Lanfranc of attempting to murder the Abbot.

"And would you kill your Abbot?" the Archbishop demanded when the man was brought before him.

“Certainly I would kill him if I could,” replied the monk.

Then Lanfranc, seeing that mild measures availed nothing, had the would-be murderer stripped and tied naked to the outer gate of the monastery, where he was severely beaten and then driven out of the city.

It must have been soon after this exciting episode that Lanfranc died. Bede records the event in the following words: “A. 1089 This year the venerable father and patron of monks Archbishop Lanfranc departed this life, but we trust that he has entered into the kingdom of Heaven.”

Lanfranc was one of the most splendid of all the archbishops of Canterbury. He found the Cathedral in ruins, and in seven years raised it to far more than its ancient splendour. He rebuilt the Priory, adding a hundred monks to the fifty he found at his coming, and, moreover, provided them with plenty of work! And he erected for himself and his successors a house, upon the site of which stands the present Archbishop's palace. He also founded beyond the city walls two hospitals, for strangers and the poor: Saint Gregory's and Saint Nicholas of Harbledown, which latter still exists on the road to Rochester.

And there is Saint Anselm, gentlest and most

learned of churchmen. Of all the ancient archbishops he surely must be our favourite. As he joins us in the crypt beneath the choir, he tells us how it is really the work of his two gifted priors, Ernulf and Conrad, and as we walk about admiring the quaint sculptures, explains how they were wrought with a pointed hammer instead of the later chisel.

Then as we ask him about his early days, he tells us of his beautiful home at Aosta, of his mother and his sister Richeza, and the little nephew Anselm, in whose education he took so much interest. And he will describe the mountains around Aosta and tell us how, when he was a child, he fancied that by climbing them he could reach the Palace of God. We hear, too, of that time when a craving came upon him for a better and more useful life, so that one day he found himself at Lanfranc's famous school at Avranches. The story of this part of his life and of the thirty years spent at the monastery of Bec is most interesting. Boys and young men adored him, and he used his power over them for the highest ends. The story of his election to the See of Canterbury is characteristic of him. Since the death of Lanfranc, it had been kept vacant for five years by William Rufus, in order that he might take the revenues. It was not until the King lay, as he thought, dying that he could be persuaded to appoint an archbishop,

and his choice fell upon Anselm, who happened to be on a visit to England. When he heard himself named, Anselm turned pale and trembled. "I am old," he cried piteously to the bishops and others who were trying to persuade him to accept. "I am old and I am a monk; do not force me to undertake worldly affairs for which I am unfit." But they would not listen, and he was dragged into the presence of the sick monarch, who tried to place a pastoral staff in his clenched hand. Then to the sound of singing and shouting he was taken to the nearest church. He himself has described the scene in a letter: "It would have been hard to decide whether madmen were dragging along one in his senses, or sane men a madman;" and all the time he was crying, "It is nought that ye are doing! It is nought that ye are doing!"

Poor archbishop! As he himself said, they had "yoked together an untameable bull and an old and feeble sheep," only Anselm was by no means feeble, as the King quickly discovered. For, when his duty bade him, the old sheep faced the wild bull boldly enough, both in defence of the Church and its property, and even more zealously when he had to reprove William and his friends for their vicious and depraved manner of life.

On Henry's accession the long struggle was continued, and Anselm spent much of his time

in exile. But he had a firm friend and admirer in Queen Matilda, and moreover the new king had the wit to see that in Anselm he had one of the finest scholars and churchmen in Europe, so, though many years were spent in dispute, there was peace at the last.

And then Anselm died! Edmer the monk has left us a picture of the scene. "Palm Sunday had dawned, and, as usual, we were sitting around him, when one of us said, 'Lord Father, we are told that you are about to leave the world for your Lord's Easter Court.' 'If His will be so,' said Anselm, 'I shall gladly obey it. But if He will that I should remain among you till I have solved a question, I am turning over in my mind, about the origin of the soul, I should be glad, for I know not who will solve it after I am gone.' "

He died on the following Wednesday at dawn, as the history of Our Lord's Passion was being read, and whether he had solved his great problem no one will ever know. He was buried close to his friend Lanfranc, just below the great rood which stood at the entrance to the choir, and his body was later removed to the chapel beneath the tower, which still bears his name.

We have spent some time with Saint Anselm, for he was not only one of the greatest and best of the archbishops, and one of the chief builders of the Cathedral, but the most celebrated scholar

in Europe, whose fame was so great that it lasted for four hundred years, to the date of his canonization. Moreover, I happen to live at a little village called Slindon, which was given by Henry the First to his Archbishop, perhaps as a peace-offering for all the trouble and anxiety he had caused him. And here in the ancient manor, which stood almost on the site of the present house, Saint Anselm no doubt spent some of the few peaceful days which were vouchsafed him. He built the little church near by, and though since that time it has been again and again restored, and indeed reconstructed, I often go and sit looking up at a certain ancient window, a relic of Saint Anselm's original church, and think about the wise and saintly old man who ordered its construction.

As we advance eastward this crypt of Canterbury grows upon us. It is indeed a marvellous place, not a kind of glorified cellar as the name might seem to imply, but almost a cathedral in itself, with nave, side aisles, chapels, and a lofty and magnificent east end designed by William the Englishman as a foundation for Trinity Chapel, and Becket's crown above, which are also his work. Most of this vast crypt was given over by Queen Elizabeth to the French Huguenots, who plied their trade as silk weavers among the low Norman pillars of the nave. It

must have been a strange sight when all the looms were at work. Even to-day a few of the descendants of these exiles hold their services in the beautiful south Chapel, once the double chantry of Edward, the Black Prince. And there is Saint Gabriel's Chapel with its wonderful wall paintings, and the Chapel of Our Lady Undercroft, where in the days of Erasmus "The Virgin Mother had an habitation, but somewhat dark, enclosed with a double rail of iron for fear of thieves." The poor chapel is now so desolate that it has no need of rails to guard its treasures, and would satisfy even that wrecker of churches and smasher of priceless glass, Blue Dick himself. The beautiful little place with its delicate open-work Gothic walls was built by Cardinal Morton, who lies in front of what was once the altar, and whose monument, also defaced by the vandal I have mentioned, stands a little to the south.

A few steps farther on we enter the eastern crypt. What a change from the sombre beauty of the building we have left! It was here that Becket was laid the day after his murder, and here he remained for fifty years until he was removed to the chapel above. The marble tomb itself was surrounded by a wall pierced with holes, through which the worshippers might put their heads to kiss the shrine, which was always covered with candles and votive offerings left

by the pilgrims. Knowing the very spot, let us take up our stand on the site of this tomb, and try to recall the story of the great Archbishop. Later we shall see the cloister through which he passed to his death, and the places connected with the martyrdom, but it will be easier to picture his early days, so lost amid the shadows of the past, in this dim and quiet spot.

As children we have all been told the romantic story of his birth; of the merchant, Gilbert Becket, who went to the crusade, and having been taken prisoner, was set at liberty by the Saracen daughter of his captor. Of how she followed him to England, knowing only the two words London and Gilbert, and, having found him, became his wife and the mother of the future archbishop. And we know too how the young man rose by leaps and bounds, so gifted was he, so generous, industrious, and fascinating, that by the time he was thirty-five he found himself Chancellor of England and the chief friend and adviser of the young King Henry the Second. As Chancellor he lived in the utmost magnificence, rivalling even Henry himself, so that when he was sent to Paris to arrange for the marriage between the little Prince Henry and the baby daughter of Louis, the French exclaimed as they saw him pass, "What manner of man must the King of England be, when his Chancellor travels in such state!"

For whenever he entered a town the procession was led by two hundred and fifty boys singing national airs, followed by his hounds in couples, and after them five waggons laden with barrels of ale for the people, and furniture for himself, each drawn by five horses and guarded by great chained mastiffs. And there were twelve sumpter horses, on each of which rode a monkey, and behind it a groom on his knees. And following were esquires and knights, and gentlemen's sons and falconers, and officers and clergy. Last of all rode the young Chancellor himself, and with him a few of his intimate friends. That is a picture, given by one of his historians, of Becket the Chancellor, the man of the world, the familiar friend of kings and princes. But in this crypt we meet quite another Becket.

Against his wish he had been elected Archbishop of Canterbury. He was not even a priest at the time, and the idea had staggered him. He plainly told the King that if he did become Archbishop there would be an end of their friendship, since as Primate he would have to choose between the favour of God and that of the King, and that he should certainly seek that of God. But Henry was determined, and Becket, having been ordained priest the day before, was on Whitsunday 1162 consecrated Archbishop in the Abbey Church of Westminster. And then came the change he had predicted.

For, as we are told by Matthew Paris, "Giving up all worldly affairs, he consecrated himself entirely to the Church, and to the conquest of souls, sending a message to the King, who was in Normandy, resigning his office of Chancellor and returning the Great Seal."

He still kept open house, but only for holy and learned churchmen, and the poor. If it could have ended here all might have been well, but archbishops in those days could not keep themselves free from politics, and it was not long before men saw "Sceptre and crozier clashing, and the mitre grappling with the crown."

Many years ago I saw Irving in Tennyson's great play "Becket," and I shall never forget him as he spoke of "the rift that runs between me and the king," and how he was "the king's no more!"

"And all my doubts I fling from me like dust,
And all the wisdom of the Chancellor,
And all the heaped experiences of life
I cast upon the side of Canterbury,
Our Holy Mother Canterbury, who sits
With tattered robes."

For we must not forget that Becket regarded the Church as the "visible Lord on earth," and "this Canterbury as only less than Rome."

Then came the Archbishop's refusal to sign the Constitutions of Clarendon, and the years of exile and sorrow which followed. Little by

little he had alienated almost all his friends, by that stern determination to follow what he believed to be his duty. And so the end!

But let us return to the upper church, passing beneath this Norman doorway which has so often looked down upon the Archbishop. Against this wall on the left, with its curious diaper work, his gown has brushed many a time, and it was by that very stairway yonder he was mounting to the choir when he heard himself called by the murderers, who had followed him into the north-west transept.

They had come straight from Normandy, from the King, who, after a short period of reconciliation with the Archbishop, had again lost his temper and spoken words against him which had better have been left unsaid. They were taken seriously and caught up, as such words are apt to be, by the three knights whose statues Erasmus saw over the south door of the Cathedral. Thinking thereby to gain favour with their lord they hastened to Canterbury, and having picked a quarrel with the Archbishop, went away to arm themselves, and returning, broke into the palace as he was about to leave it to attend Vespers in the Cathedral. Dr Abbott has given a graphic account, drawn from eyewitnesses, of the passage of Becket and his terrified monks through the dark cloisters on that December evening. We can follow them along the north

and east side and past the Chapter House, the Archbishop in their midst struggling with them, as in their terror they try to hurry him along, and even to carry him. "Why behave ye so?" cries the Bishop, shaking them off, and when they tell him that armed men are already in the cloister, "Why should that change your reverence?" he answers. "They may do nought more than God permitteth."

We can almost hear the voices if we listen. Here, nothing has changed. We enter by the same door through which they enter, and can watch the stately figure, preceded by the cross-bearer and monks, pass through the transept and begin to mount the stairs leading to the Sanctuary. Once he pauses and turns, hearing his servants barring the door by which they, like ourselves, have just entered, and stops them, saying, "It is not seemly to make the Church of Christ into a fortress." It is Edward Grimm who gives us these precious details, Grimm who, when all others forsook his master, stayed by his side, and all but lost his arm and life in his attempt to save him.

The great transept or Martyrdom was not then as it is now. Its eastern apse was formed of two chapels, one above the other, the upper being approached by a passage supported by a pillar rising from the centre of the transept. This is necessary to explain what followed. For now,

through the open door, could be heard the savage cry of Reginald Fitzurse: "This way! King's men! King's men!" and next moment they come pouring in, the knights armed to the eyes, their followers, and the traitor priest Hugh of Horsea, surnamed Mauclerc.

The chanting in the choir above has ceased; we can see the faces of the terrified monks as they peer down.

"Where is Thomas Becket the traitor?" cry the knights. Then, as there is no answer, "Where is the Archbishop?"

"Here am I," comes the steady voice, "no traitor, but a priest. What seek ye?"

Then in the dark of the winter evening he comes down to them, alone save for the faithful Edward Grimm, all others having fled. I think that even the knights shrank from killing him in the church, for in the struggle which followed they tried to drag him out into the cloister, but he clung to the central pillar.

At last it was over! The murderers had fled! Silence reigned, and he lay with cleft skull on the pavement. How easy it is to realize the scene as we look down at the ancient stones once stained with his blood and brains. The weeping monks came out from the corners where they had hidden themselves and bore him up the steps he had so lately descended and laid him before the High Altar, and later carried

him down to his first shrine in the eastern crypt.

Here it was that King Henry, some two years later, when everything seemed darkening around him, came in a passion of remorse and fear to make his peace with the great Saint of Canterbury, and ask his intercession with an offended Heaven. For the Archbishop had not been dead a fortnight when pilgrims began to visit his tomb, telling of visions, miracles, wonders of all kinds, for as Chesterton says, "there broke forth an epidemic of healing." Within a year of his martyrdom his name had been enrolled among the catalogue of Saints, and all Europe was beginning to resound with his name.

Landing at Southampton, the King, without waiting for rest or food, rode all through the night with nothing but a crust and a little water, till he caught sight of the towers of Canterbury. Then, dismounting at Saint Dunstan's Church, he put on the dress of a penitent, and walked barefoot into the city, leaving the marks of his bleeding feet on the stones as he passed through the West Gate.

Still without rest or food he entered the Cathedral, and descended into the crypt, passing through the Martyrdom transept, and beneath that same little Norman doorway of which we have spoken, and flung himself down at the foot of the tomb.

There he lay, while, in the nave above, the Bishop of London told the people how Henry their King had never intended the death of the holy Archbishop by the hasty words, for which he had now come to ask pardon. Then in the Chapter House the King, on his knees, made his confession to the Abbot, and returning to the tomb, with head thrust into one of the openings I have mentioned above, received five lashes with a knotted cord from each bishop present, and three from every monk. After this he spent the night in prayer down in the crypt, and after assisting at Mass next morning, mounted his horse and rode away to London, where he arrived faint and weak after his three days' fast, and other religious fatigues.

It was on this very morning, as he heard a few days later, that his chief enemy, William, King of Scotland, was taken prisoner near Alnwick Castle by the loyal English knight Sir Ranulf de Glanville, and from that time Henry's fortunes began to mend. You may call it a miracle, coincidence, what you please. In the days of which we have been speaking faith in the supernatural had not died out of Europe, and Saint Thomas was credited with the prosperity which followed. The shrine in the crypt was more and more visited, the chapel in which the Saint lay was enlarged and beautified, till, on the 7th of July, fifty years after his death, the body

of Saint Thomas was removed to the magnificent chapel above, and deposited in the shrine which had been raised behind the High Altar. No words of mine can give any idea of the splendour of the ceremony, or of the shrine itself. On the previous evening Archbishop Langton, in the presence of all the monks, had opened the tomb in the crypt, and next day the chest containing the body was carried by the Pope's Legate, the Archbishops of Canterbury and Rheims, and Hubert de Burgh, Grand Justiciary of England, up this very stairway we know so well, and over the stones worn later by the knees of pilgrims, to its new resting-place in the Chapel of the Trinity. And if you will go one evening when the moon is shining through the glorious painted windows, lighting up the tombs of kings and bishops, and the mailed form of the Black Prince as he lies in his eternal sleep beneath his painted canopy, you may picture a little what this chapel must have been before it was robbed and desecrated. The shrine itself was plated with gold, and glistened with jewels. There might be seen the famous carbuncle, or red diamond, called the Regale of France, which shone like a star in the night, and was as large as a hen's egg. They say that King Louis VII. had been somewhat loth to part with so great a treasure, but that as he knelt before the shrine, on the occasion of his visit to Canterbury, the

stone leapt from the ring in which he wore it and fixed itself into the shrine. It was afterwards worn in a ring on the thumb of Henry VIII. The treasure taken in 1538 from this shrine alone was estimated at three million pounds, which must be multiplied by at least twenty to get at its present value. And this was only for the gold and gems, silver not being accounted for.

To-day nothing of this wonder remains save its empty site behind the altar, and around it the worn track of the pilgrims' feet. How long ago it all seems, and yet it is a story which can never grow old, this "epic of two mighty friends, one of whom struck too hard and killed the other."

I have mentioned Archbishop Langton, and as I am writing these lines in the village where he spent his last days, and where he died, I should like, before leaving Canterbury, to visit his tomb with you. We shall find him in the Warriors' Chapel, which lies in the south-west transept, his great stone coffin projecting from the eastern wall, just beneath where, until the Reformation, the altar stood. He was originally buried in the centre of this chapel, but the great Lady Holland, whose effigy, lying between those of her two husbands, now occupies that spot, insisted upon the Archbishop being removed to make room for her huge monument.

I suppose that no archbishop, even including Saint Anselm, and Saint Thomas himself, had a more troubled and comfortless life than Stephen Langton, for he lived in the stormy days of that most despicable monarch John, who, furious at his appointment to the See of Canterbury by the Pope, lost no opportunity of persecuting the unhappy Archbishop. Nine months after his consecration, before he had even taken possession of his See, the great Interdict was published, and for the next five years Stephen Langton lived an exile at Pontigny in France, mourning over the appalling condition of England, and working night and day to bring about peace between the King and the Pope. And all this time our Cathedral sat indeed "in tattered robes"! For the monks had fled to Flanders, and the lands of Christ Church lay neglected and uncultivated. For five years all churches were closed, the bells were silent, no sacraments were administered save Baptism to the newly-born and Confession and Holy Communion to the dying, while the dead were buried in unconsecrated ground without ceremony of any kind.

At last John, having been deposed by Pope Innocent, and threatened with invasion by Louis of France, was brought to his senses, and consented to receive Stephen Langton. The Archbishop landed in England on the 20th of July 1213, together with the Bishops of Ely,

Lincoln, London, and Hereford, and proceeding to Winchester, was met at the gate by the miserable King, who fell weeping at his feet.

But even then Stephen Langton's troubles were not over, for now he incurred the displeasure of the Pope, who had been his friend. Once more he had to leave England, and was received at Rome with every mark of distrust and disapproval. In vain he tried to explain his position to the Pope, his enemies had forestalled him, and for a year he was kept virtually a prisoner at Rome, and did not return to England until after the death of Innocent III. in the autumn of 1216.

I have said that he died at his favourite manor of Slindon, where he spent the latter days of his life, often visited by his friend, Bishop Ralph Neville of Chichester. We are told that they were constantly to be seen wandering across the downs or through the lovely forest ways. Sometimes, when I am walking through the woods to Arundel, or passing across Steyne Street on my way to Bignor Point, I can almost fancy, that among the whispering leaves of the giant beech trees, I hear the voices of the two good old men discussing a theological point together, or chuckling over some amusing memory of the past. I like to think of this peaceful sunset that closed the stormy days of Stephen Langton, and I like to think of him

offering Mass in the little old church, which still stands just below the tree on the slope of the hill.

It was on the 9th of July 1228 that he passed away. Of him a modern writer has said: "Of all the high-minded, wise, and generous prelates who have filled the See of Canterbury, none have been superior to Stephen Langton."

It would take us weeks to wander round this Cathedral, recalling the great men who have paced its aisles and cloisters. There is Saint Edmund, the friend of Saint Richard of Chichester; and his successor, Boniface of Savoy, the haughty brother-in-law of King Henry III.; and John Peckham who wrote, from his manor of Slindon in 1281, reproving his clergy for "hiding their tonsures with fillets that they might please fools"; and there is Archbishop Morton, the famous grower of strawberries and faithful guardian of the two young princes who were afterwards murdered in the Tower of London. I should very much like to meet the ghost of Archbishop Morton, and ask him how a certain cope of his, bearing his rebus, found its way to Slindon. He was fond of copes, for we read of his presenting no less than twenty, white ones, to Canterbury Cathedral. And there is Cranmer, whose picture we see in one of the great windows of the Chapter House; and

Cardinal Pole, the cousin and beloved counsellor of Queen Mary I. Here too, Laud,

“ Poor grey old little Laud,
May dream his dream out of a perfect church,
In some blind corner.”

And so we come to the good Juxon, who attended King Charles I. at his execution; and a host of others, churchmen, kings and princes, all of whom have left their mark on the magnificent building, some for better, some for worse. And now another memorial has been added.

Between the eastern city wall and the close was the bowling green, a sunny, sheltered spot, where in old time many a good game has been played, for the turf is like velvet, and level as a billiard table. And just here a monument has been raised to the men of Canterbury who fell in the Great War. And there is a quiet chapel leading from it, formed from one of the old semi-circular towers, where you may sit and think of the heroes who went cheerfully to their death, to save their country from the very same ruthless race whom Saint Augustine was sent to convert.

II

ROCHESTER

A BRIGHT March morning, cold, piercingly cold, but we have plenty of furs and rugs, and, besides, the distance is not great between Canterbury and Rochester. A straight road, reminding one of a switchback, for I doubt if there is a foot of level ground in the whole of the twenty-five miles. We leave the city by the west gate, through which Henry II. entered barefoot and bleeding to beg for pardon of the murdered Archbishop. And here is Saint Dunstan's, the parish church of Margaret Roper, where, in the family vault of her husband, lies the head of her father, Sir Thomas More. A little farther along, standing on a rise, we pass Harbledon Hospital, where the Canterbury pilgrims halted to kneel and kiss a shoe of Saint Thomas à Becket. And so we find ourselves out on Watling Street, the great Roman Road which led from the coast to London. Up and down we run, up and down, and always great lorries and waggons to be passed, and villages filled with frolicking dogs and children, all apparently bent on committing suicide ; and at Sittingbourne, a market to be got through with much



ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL
FROM THE CASTLE

Underwood

hooting, and bad language, and always the ceaseless heavy traffic, till after a while, on our right, we come in sight of a great river crowded with shipping, and between us and it, veiled in a rainbow of smoke and sunshine, Chatham.

There is really no break between Chatham and Rochester to-day, the latter being a very different place from the quiet little old-fashioned town of John Jasper and Mr Crisparkle, so that the contrast between the tumult of the narrow crowded High Street and the quiet calm which enfolds us as—having passed beneath the fifteenth-century gateway—we enter the precincts of the Cathedral is startling. But more startling still is it when, upon entering the ancient west door, with its sculptured tympanum and statues of Henry II. and his Queen, Matilda, we find ourselves in the solitude and silence of Gundulf's Norman nave. I suppose we had grown used to the cheerful prosperity of Canterbury, with its many officials and constant stream of visitors; and this Rochester, second only to the Mother Church in antiquity, struck us as being pathetic. Perhaps its proximity to the Metropolitan Church has drawn off attention from it. At any rate, I have rarely found anyone who has visited it, and yet it is to my thinking one of the most interesting and picturesque of our cathedrals.

We were looking at the faded fresco of Saint Christopher on its flattened pillar, which in days

of old greeted pilgrims on their entrance, when we were fortunate enough to be accosted by one who I imagine must have been the senior verger. In these ancient worshipping places one usually finds some guardian spirit who seems to know by intuition the story of its past. Such an one was our guide. His whole life seemed to centre in his cathedral, for that it was *his* we felt no manner of doubt after the first ten minutes. As he pointed out the beauties of the nave, the zigzag mouldings of the semicircular arches, the massive Norman piers marching two by two on their flattened bases, the matchless triforium, and overhead the beautiful wooden roof, so rare to find in these days, I seemed to see in him a re-incarnation of one of the old monks whose duty it was to show this beautiful and symbolical temple to the pilgrims of bygone days, and to hear in his story of the past the statements of an eye-witness. Much of what follows is taken from notes I made at the time, but I cannot reproduce the quaint charm of his style, or the convincing force with which he told each story.

It was Ethelbert, the King of Kent, who gave the first cathedral to Hrofe-Ceastre, for that is what the Saxons called Rochester, and in this cathedral the holy Justus sat as first bishop. So says Bede. Justus was, as we know, one of the monks sent by Pope Gregory to help Saint Augustine in his Apostolic labours. When he

was translated to Canterbury, Saint Paulinus, another of Saint Gregory's monks, and first Archbishop of York, succeeded him at Rochester.

It must have been a quiet life for Paulinus after his exciting days at York, whither he had gone as chaplain to the Lady Ethelburga of Kent on her marriage to the still heathen Edwin of Northumbria. Paulinus had been a very great man at York, second to none. For he had converted the King, together with his heathen priests, all the nobles and most of the people. Day after day he and his deacon, James, had been occupied on the banks of the Rivers Swale and Glen baptizing the crowds who flocked to them. But these good times came to an end. King Edwin was killed in battle, Northumbria for the most part relapsed into paganism, and Paulinus had to leave his See, taking with him the widowed Queen, to place her in the charge of her brother Eadbald, King of Kent.

We have a picture of Paulinus as he was at this time : " A tall old man, a little stooping, his hair black, his visage meagre, his nose slender and aquiline, his aspect venerable and majestic." He ruled the diocese of Rochester for eleven years, and then, as the old chronicler says, " Departed to Heaven with the glorious fruits of his labours." He was buried in the original Saxon church, which stood immediately to the west of the present Cathedral of Saint Andrew. I wonder

whether James, the deacon, the Bishop's friend and disciple, came from York to sing his Requiem Mass! He was extraordinarily skilful in music was James, and when the number of Christians had sufficiently increased again in York, taught his choir to sing according to the custom of the Romans.

But, after all, the real history of Rochester Cathedral begins with Gundulf, the friend and companion of Archbishop Lanfranc and Saint Anselm, for it was Gundulf who rebuilt the Cathedral which had fallen into decay by the end of the eleventh century.

Gundulf was born at Rouen, and early became a lay clerk in that Cathedral, where no doubt he gathered some of his wonderful architectural ideas. He became a great favourite with the Archdeacon, William the Good Soul, and went with him on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. There is a story I have read somewhere of their being overtaken by a violent storm at sea during the journey home, and of vows they made that, should they be spared, they would enter religion. So on his return Gundulf became a monk at Bec, where he fell in with Lanfranc and Anselm, the future Archbishops of Canterbury. The three formed a friendship which only ended with their death, if indeed it ended there.

As for Gundulf, he was one of the most famous architects of his age, and a splendid man of

business. Perhaps his best known works are the White Tower of London and Canterbury Cathedral. He also built the Castle of Rochester, the great ruined Keep of which still looks down over the Medway. But our present interest in him lies in his having rebuilt his Church of Saint Andrew at Rochester and the mysterious old square tower, the lower part of which stands on the eastern side of the north transept.

And when all was finished, when he had reverently disinterred the bones of the ancient Paulinus, and, enclosing them in a silver reliquary, had "laid them in the place decently prepared for them," and had, moreover, set everything in order in his methodical, business-like way, he died, and was buried by Archbishop Anselm at the south side of the choir, where his plain marble tomb may yet be seen. It has been said that Gundulf was the only man who could get on with William Rufus, who gave him the Manor of Lambeth as a recompense for having besieged Rochester Castle.

One of the most beautiful features of the Cathedral is the north-west transept. As we walk up the nave we suddenly become aware that the architecture has changed its character from Norman to Early English, one moment the arches are round-headed, with zigzag mouldings, the next pointed and supported by sheaves of delicate marble columns. A step farther and

we are looking up into the bewildering fairy-like beauty of the north-west transept, with its countless pillars of Petworth marble, its rows of delicate arches, and superb north window.

In the twelfth century the Cathedral suffered much from fire, so that these transepts had to be rebuilt, and it is probable that the beautiful structure we are looking at was designed by that great architect, William of Sens, who is responsible, together with William the Englishman, for the finest of the Early English work at Canterbury.

But it is time we mounted the worn steps which lead to the eastern part of the building, the Pilgrims' Steps as they are called, for there, in the second transept, we shall find the tomb of that curious saint who for so long attracted pilgrims to Rochester. Indeed, as our guide told us, they flocked in such numbers that the offerings which they left at the shrine were sufficient to defray the cost of rebuilding the whole east end of the Cathedral.

Saint William, it appears, was a baker of Perth, a good and charitable man, who for many years was accustomed to give one loaf out of every ten he made to the poor. He likewise adopted a little homeless boy, whom he brought up as his servant. Now this good baker had heard, like all the world, of the wonders wrought at the Shrine of Saint Thomas at Canterbury, and as he had long wished to make a pilgrimage, he decided to

visit that holy place. So taking with him his adopted son, for such in truth the boy had become, he set off, furnished, no doubt, with a rich offering to leave at the tomb of the Martyr.

Perhaps it was the knowledge of what his master carried with him that tempted the lad, for, having passed the last night of their journey at Rochester, they had scarcely set forth next morning when, luring his master to a solitary place, he murdered and robbed him, leaving him lying on the ground.

Now a certain woman who was a lunatic and possessed by a devil was wandering about the fields and woods, and suddenly came upon the body. Wonderingly she stooped and touched it, and in a moment her senses returned, and hastening back to the city, she told the inhabitants what she had seen. Then the people who had known her before her cure, realizing what a wonderful miracle had taken place, flocked out of the city gates to bring in this wonder-working body, and William of Perth was buried in the north-east transept, and became the object of a great pilgrimage, and his festival was fixed for the 23rd of May, the day of the discovery of the body.

I wish I had known about Saint William before I went to Rochester, for our good guide seemed, I thought, a little disappointed that so great a saint should have remained unknown to anyone.

Near by, where formerly stood the magnificent shrine of this saintly baker, is the very beautiful decorated Gothic tomb of Bishop Walter of Merton, founder of Merton College, Oxford, which has been described as "The first incorporation in this Kingdom of any body of persons for purposes of study." It was, I remember, as I was looking at this tomb, that I first noticed the exquisitely polished surfaces of the crosses and monuments and little pillars of marble which adorn them.

"But surely these are not old?" I exclaimed.

"Thirteenth century," replied the quiet voice of our guide.

"But the polish?"

A smile of quiet satisfaction lighted up his face. "Ah," said he, "you notice it then? Beeswax, madam; beeswax and turpentine. Nothing else I assure you."

"But it is wonderful," said I, glancing around. "You cannot mean that you polish all these tombs?"

"Little by little," said he. "I hope to get them all into order, if the Dean permits."

Now Rochester Cathedral seemed to me very rich in these ancient and splendid tombs, and I have a special fancy for such things.

"You like the effect?" he asked.

"I think it is perfectly beautiful of you to take all this trouble about the tombs of people

of whom you—well, certainly one cannot say of whom you know nothing, for they all seem to have been friends of yours. Old tombs and effigies are generally so sad and forsaken. But here even the most ancient are cared for. I should like to be buried in Rochester Cathedral and have my tomb kept like these.”

There is a most interesting and magnificent monument standing beneath the arch which separates the Chapel of Saint John the Baptist from the Presbytery. It is that of Bishop John of Sheppey, who died in 1360, and it is said to be the finest example of an ancient painted tomb in England. It was bricked up within its arch for two hundred years, no doubt to preserve it from the church wreckers, who turned this sacred and beautiful place into a stable! The colours are most wonderful, and as fresh as the day they were put on. Especially we noticed, lying at the Bishop's feet, two dogs with scarlet collars hung with little bells. I wonder whether John of Sheppey was fond of dogs!

And to the north of the altar is Bishop Glanville's curious tomb, and beside it the marble coffin and effigy of Bishop Lawrence of Saint Martin, who went to Rome and procured the canonization of the Baker of Perth. He was Bishop when Rochester was taken and plundered on that awful Good Friday by Simon de Montfort, “when the satellites of the devil entered the

Church of Saint Andrew with drawn swords, striking fear and horror into its children, who had fled to it for refuge, and crucified them, together with the Lord, who suffereth with His elect."

As I looked round I seemed to see the armed men on their horses riding about the church, dragging people from beneath the altars, where they had tried to hide in their terror.

I have no space to tell of the great square Norman font in which so many thousands of the people of Rochester have been baptized, nor of the stone screen with its eight statues guarding the entrance to the choir. Neither can I do more than mention the beautiful, almost unique doorway leading to the Chapter House, given, it is said, by Bishop Hamo of Hythe in the fourteenth century. It is impossible to believe that the artist who carved the exquisite tracery and statues with which it is adorned has been in his grave for six hundred years, but such our guide assured us was the case. On either side is a beautiful female figure, representing respectively the Christian and Jewish Churches. And then there is the Treasury, where is kept the old church plate, and with it two very curiously shaped ciboria of silver gilt made in 1530, and many other things of interest and beauty. I should like also to take you round the crypt,

with its frescoes and piscinas and vestiges of ancient altars. I suppose that after Canterbury, which it much resembles, it is the largest and finest crypt in England, or so our guide seemed to think.

But for us we must speak of a bishop whom there is some danger of forgetting as we visit the splendid tombs, and hear of the wonderful and magnificent works wrought by his brother ecclesiastics, for his body does not lie in his cathedral, and no monument has been raised to his memory.

About the year 1469 there was born at Beverley, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, a future Bishop of Rochester, John Fisher by name. Those were the troubled days of the Wars of the Roses, and we know little of the early life or education of the boy, save that at the early age usual in those days he must have gone up to Cambridge, since we find him in 1506 Chancellor of the University and a priest. Henry the Seventh had been for many years on the throne. His mother, Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond and Derby, one of the richest and most powerful persons in the kingdom, had chosen John Fisher, in spite of his being so much her junior, to be her chaplain and confessor. The friendship which sprang up between these two resulted in much good for the University of Cambridge and the cause of learning and religion. It was, by Fisher's

advice, that the Countess founded a readership in Divinity both at Oxford and Cambridge, and appointed preachers to go through the length and breadth of the country instructing the people in their religion and way of life, by holding what we should now call Missions. She also founded Saint John's and Christ's Colleges at Cambridge, and did many other good works.

It was partly, no doubt, to please his "most entirely well-beloved Lady and Mother," as he calls the Countess, that Henry the Seventh promoted Master Fisher to a bishopric, though he is careful to say in a letter to the Lady Margaret, that he does so "from the great and singular virtue that he saw in him, as well in talent and natural wisdom, and especially for his good and virtuous living and conversation." And so thereafter for thirty years we may picture John Fisher in his house at Rochester, known to all Europe as the model of a perfect bishop, called by Erasmus the "Divine Prelate," for in all the nation, we are told, there was no more learned man or holy bishop.

It was a poor little diocese, this of Rochester, and many a time Bishop Fisher was offered a richer post. But he used to smile and shake his head, and answer in his whimsical way that it was safer to have fewer souls and less money to account for, and that he would not desert his poor old wife for the richest widow in England.

The Bishop's house was too near the river, and very damp and unhealthy, his study being surrounded with ill-fitting windows which let in the draught, so that Erasmus, in a letter, tells him that, for himself, he "could not live in such a place two hours without being sick."

We have a further picture of this "Palace" as it was in 1534, when the grandson of his good patroness, Henry VIII., ordered an inventory to be taken of the Bishop's goods, which were to be confiscated to the Crown.

"IN HIS OWN BEDCHAMBER.

"A bedstead with an old mattress thereon. A counterpoint of red cloth lined with canvas. A celer and tester of old red velvet, nothing worth. A leather chair with a cushion. An altar with a hanging of white and green satin of Bruges, with Our Lord embroidered thereon. . . ."

It is all too pitiful to set down. We feel as if we were prying as we wander through the poverty-stricken rooms. And when, on the altar of his private oratory, we come across a coloured model of the head of Saint John the Baptist, our thoughts fly forward to that 22nd of June 1535, and we seem to see the head of another martyr fixed on a pike and left for a fortnight in the sun and the rain on London Bridge, and we give a sigh of relief to think that we do not live in the

days of such monsters as Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn.

Meanwhile, we can picture John of Rochester in his comfortless study, or seated at his frugal supper, with a dead man's skull before him, "lest the memory of death might hap to slip from his mind," or in some noisome den down by the river, nursing one of his poor sick folk, comforting the soul and giving his steward charge to send daily such food as was required for the body. Rochester Cathedral becomes a different place when we picture the good Bishop there alive once more. His footsteps still seem to echo in the nave, his tall spare figure to glide before us through the aisles and transepts. And when we stand before the site of the high altar, we may even catch a glimpse of him standing with arms spread wide, and uplifted face, in such earnest devotion that tears are falling down his hollow cheeks.

We all know the story of the infatuation of Henry VIII. for Anne Boleyn, and how, when he could not induce the Pope to grant him a divorce from his good wife Catherine, he declared himself head of the Church in England, and expected everyone else, on pain of a frightful death, to acknowledge him as such. Most people did so, but some brave souls, such as John of Rochester and Sir Thomas More, followed their consciences and refused. For over a year, pending their condemnation, they were kept in con-

finement, and the fragile old Bishop, in the Tower of London, suffered great privation and hardship.

“I have neither shirt nor sute nor yett other clothes, that ar necessary for me to wear, but that bee ragged and rent,” he writes in a letter to Cromwell. “Notwithstanding, I might easily suffer that, if thei wold keep my body warm. Butt my dyett allso, God knoweth how slender it is at meny tymes. . . .”

At last, on the 17th of June 1535, he was tried, and condemned to death, and four days later, executed.

The story of his martyrdom has been beautifully told by the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, who has gathered it from various ancient sources. When the Lieutenant came at five and told him that he was to suffer that day, he merely asked at what time he must leave his prison.

“Your hour,” replied the Lieutenant, “must be nine of the clock.”

“And what hour is it now?” asked the Bishop.

“It is about five.”

“Then,” said he, “let me, by your patience, sleep an hour or two, for I have slept very little this night, not for any fear of death, I thank God, but by reason of my great infirmity.”

And falling to rest again he slept for two hours.

And we read of the care he took over dressing, saying to his servant when he remonstrated

with him, that it was indeed his wedding day.

And when the Lieutenant came to fetch him : " I will wait upon you straight," said he, " as fast as this thin body of mine will give me leave."

Then, taking up the little New Testament which always lay beside him, he made a cross on his forehead and went out of the prison door. . . .

They say that his poor body, which indeed was nothing but bones and skin, was left to lie naked all day on the scaffold, till the King, chancing to remember what had happened, sent a message that it should be buried. So it was picked up on a halberd and slung over the shoulder of one of the guards, to be flung into a hole which had been dug in a corner of the prison yard ; while his head, fixed on a pike, was set up for a fortnight on London Bridge, where it is said to have grown daily more ruddy and lifelike, so that it was taken down and thrown into the Thames because of the crowds who came to see the wonder.

Such was the death of John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, which as the Protestant Bishop, Burnet, says, " left one of the greatest blots upon this kingdom's proceedings." To-day his body lies with that of his friend and fellow-sufferer, Sir Thomas More, in the little Chapel of Saint

Peter's ad Vincula, which stands within the walls of the Tower of London. But if his blessed spirit ever visits this wicked old world of ours, I think that it will be in his beloved Cathedral of Saint Andrew at Rochester that we shall meet it.

III

CHICHESTER

A GREY sea rolling up in billows to a grey shore, and, reaching almost to the water's edge, the wild forest of Anderida. It was the year 650, and a ship had grounded on one of the many shoals such as still lie around the peninsula of Selsey. For those days it must have been a large ship, for it carried some two hundred souls, chief among whom was Wilfrid, the new Archbishop of Northumbria, who was returning from France, where he had been consecrated.

Selsey in those days was a nest of wreckers, indeed the people lived on little else save plunder, for they understood nothing of agriculture, and had never even learned the art of sea-fishing. So when the news went abroad that a great ship was lying helpless close to land, they came rushing down from their forest lairs, led by their wild and savage priest.

The whole tribe, men and women, made a ferocious attack upon the stranded vessel, and the Bishop's crew and attendants defended themselves. The pagan priest yelled out curses and incantations, while the young Bishop knelt, calling

upon Heaven for aid. At last, as if in answer to Wilfrid's prayers, one of his servants with a sling and a stone struck the wizard in the forehead, effectually silencing him, and his people shortly afterwards gave up the attack and withdrew. Then Wilfrid, rising from his knees, found that the tide had turned, his ship was afloat, and he was soon on his way to Deal *en route* for York.

Thirty years later, the Bishop, an exile from his See, found his way once more to the Sussex coast. He must always have been something of a fighter this Wilfrid, and I think that the courageous attitude of the poor wild people of the woods and marshes on his previous visit, must have stirred his blood and attracted rather than repelled him, for in 680 we find him again at what is now West Wittering, the little village which lies east of the entrance to Chichester harbour, the scene of his former shipwreck. Here he found a friend in the King of the South Saxons, Edilwalch, who is reported to have been already a Christian, and Wilfrid soon made himself so popular with the wild savages of the peninsula, by teaching and helping them to fish, to clear and drain the woods, to plant and sow, and build houses, that they soon followed the example of their King, and were all baptized into the Christian Church.

The grant of land which Edilwalch gave to

Wilfrid was on what is called the Island of Selsey, near the point of the peninsula. Here the Bishop's See remained, until in 1075 it was removed to the mainland, the last of the twenty-five bishops of Selsey—Stigand—becoming the first Bishop of Chichester.

There are all kinds of stories as to the whereabouts of this first Cathedral of Sussex, how the sea has so encroached on the coast that, like the City of Is in Brittany, it lies now beneath the water two miles from shore, so that the fishermen speak of the rocks and shoals as the Bishop's streets and park. But it is quite possible that Wilfrid's original Cathedral of Saint Peter stood much where the tiny Mortuary Chapel and graveyard are to-day, and where until lately was the Parish Church of Saint Peter, which has now been removed stone by stone to modern Selsey.

Saint Wilfrid must always be interesting to dwellers in Sussex as the original founder of the diocese. I have described him as a fighter, that is to say he held strong opinions and was willing to maintain them at all costs, as we may gather from Bede's description of the great controversy he had with the Bishop of Lindisfarne at Whitby, concerning the keeping of Easter and other matters. What he fought, suffered, and would willingly have died for was the unity of the Church, unity in doctrine, ritual, and government. He believed in the Church with an intensity of

faith difficult to understand in these days. In addition to this he was a great missionary, and what he believed he taught with overpowering zeal. Moreover he was a very handsome man, very gifted, very pure and holy, practising in private every form of austerity and self-denial, though when it was a question of defending his Church no one could surpass Wilfrid in magnificence and dignity. Such was the founder of the See of Sussex.

In one of Kipling's most beautiful stories he has given us a picture of a somewhat different Wilfrid, and it is quite possible that in later life he softened, and with the wider outlook of age, realized that different souls require different modes of treatment. I love Kipling's Wilfrid, who was able to say, "One should deal kindly with all the creatures of God, and gently with their masters. But one learns late."

The old City of Cicestria or Chichester is so ancient that it had fallen into decay in the days of which we have been speaking. But the remains of the Roman walls were still there, and when, at the Council of London in 1075, it was determined that all Bishops' Sees were to be removed from villages to towns, Chichester was chosen for the site of the new Cathedral, in place of Selsey.

It had many advantages besides the protecting

walls, which were not so ruinous but that they could soon be repaired. Several of the great Roman roads made Chichester easy of access from the landward side, and the harbour of Bosham was in those days quite an important port, leading directly to the city by way of Chichester harbour. To-day, after nearly two thousand years, we can see the great roads running straight through the town; as Camden says: "Four gates the City hath, opening to the four quarters of the world: from which the streets lead directly and cross themselves in the mids, where the market is kept, and where Bishop Read erected a fair stone market-place supported with pillars round about." Only, good Master Camden, it was Bishop Storey who built the Market Cross.

Thus the city itself was divided into four parts, that bounded by South and West Streets being the space allotted by Roger Montgomery, the Norman Lord of Chichester, to the Cathedral and other religious buildings. There was already a convent dedicated to Saint Peter on this spot, and the nuns being removed elsewhere, their chapel was available as the parish church.

It was Bishop Ralph Luffa who took upon himself the task of building a Cathedral at Chichester. See, this is probably his tomb close against the north wall at the entrance to the Lady Chapel. A huge man was Bishop Ralph, they

say, strong in mind as in body, bold enough to withstand William Rufus himself, in defence of his friend Saint Anselm, telling the King that he might "deprive him of his bishopric if he would, but he should never part him from his friend."

The massive pillars and arches of the nave remind us of him, and so do the triforium galleries above. But the delicate clerestory was added later, as was the vaulted roof when the original flat wooden ceiling perished during the second fire in 1187.

But come, let us wander round the old church, and see if we cannot catch a glimpse of the ancient folk who once walked these aisles and transepts.

It is market day in Chichester, and though the chief business is over, the streets are still thronged with farmers' wives and daughters making their weekly purchases before going back to their quiet homes in the country. Just beyond the Cross stand the great motor-buses, each, as soon as full, beginning to roar and groan its heavy way, north, south, east, or west, toward its particular group of villages. It is still winter, and as we enter the west porch of the Cathedral, with its stone tomb on either side, and find our way down into the nave, the warm dusk folds us in an atmosphere of mystery redolent of past ages, and prepares us for the ghostly company

in which we are about to find ourselves. Near the beautiful modern tomb of Bishop Durnford we meet a rosy-faced old verger, who asks if we would like to see the Chapter House. It lies above the ancient Sacristy, now the Singing School, and is approached by a spiral stairway, so steep as to make one wonder how some of the less ascetic ecclesiastics of ancient times could have mounted it in their voluminous vestments. But when we reach the top we are well repaid, for here is the old thirteenth-century Consistory Court, with the original throne of the President, and round the panelled walls the seats of the Canons, each with the name of his prebend blazoned above. In the centre is a great oak table, and on the walls portraits of Stuart kings and queens, William and Mary, Anne and her husband, Prince George of Denmark. And in a corner behind one of the seats there is a sliding panel and a heavy locked door, leading to what is known as the Lollards' Prison, a gruesome vault of a place, where in ancient times prisoners may have sometimes waited before being brought in to be tried, but which later was used as a hiding-place for treasure, as the following story shows.

It was in 1642, a day or two after the sacking of the Cathedral below. Sir Arthur Hazelrig, one of the robbers, was not satisfied that they had found their full share of the spoil, and in

wandering about the dismantled building came across one of the sacristans, who, perhaps in fear of his life, said that the greater part of the gold and silver plate was in a cell behind the wainscot of the Chapter House. Crash, crash went the beautiful carved oak, as the traitor searched for the secret panel known only to the Dean, and all the while Sir Arthur danced and skipped about, crying, "There boy! There boy! Hark! It rattles! It rattles!"

I suppose the noise must have brought up one of the clergy, for as they were carrying the priceless sacred vessels away, someone begged Hazelrig to leave one cup for the Communion. "Use a wooden one," replied he brutally.

By the time we came down again into the nave our old friend had grown quite interested in our enthusiasm, and proceeded to show us the ancient Sacristy, with its original door and huge locks. Near by, in the south transept, just beneath the magnificent window he built as his legacy to the Cathedral, we come upon the tomb of Bishop John Langton, the wise and prudent Chancellor of Edward the First, and brother of Archbishop Stephen Langton whom we encountered at Canterbury.

On the western wall are the well-known paintings showing the Saxon King presenting Wilfrid with the site for the old Cathedral in Selsey, and Henry the Eighth confirming the grant to

Bishop Sherburne. Standing with its back to the choir screen is a magnificent monument, for long supposed to be the tomb of Saint Richard, and there is the Chapel of Saint Pantillion, now the Canons' vestry, and a strange old reliquary with a slot for pilgrims' offerings. A little farther along the south choir aisle our guide showed us what he called the "Priest Vicar's Vestry," with ovens for baking the "Sacramental bread for the Mass," and in the sacristan's apartment, a hole once used as a receptacle for "the ashes of the incense." It is very weird and perplexing, this mingling of the ancient religion with the new. Here, built into the wall, are the mysterious sculptures said by some to have been brought from the primitive church at Selsey, and between them an exquisite alabaster tomb of Bishop Sherburne, that good and learned old man who built the great tower at Cakeham near West Wittering, where the Bishops of Chichester had their favourite Manor House, whither we will presently follow them. He lived so long, did Bishop Sherburne, that he saw most of the tragic events of Henry the Eighth's reign: the fall of Wolsey, the divorce of Queen Catherine, the rise of the terrible Cromwell, and the murder of the loyal and holy Thomas More and John Fisher. How he himself managed to escape in those awful days I cannot say, but he did, and remained Bishop of Chichester until 1536, when he retired,

and died the same year, at the age of ninety-six. Our old friend had been waxing eloquent over the "lace and trimmings" which this Bishop added to the south choir aisle and transept, and had turned to the tomb of George Daye with his rebus of the daisy engraved upon it, when the great clock sounded outside, and as he wanted to get ready for evensong he left us. For a little while we wandered about by ourselves admiring the exquisite Lady Chapel, where against the walls are the old stone coffins of the earliest Bishops of Chichester: Ralph Luffa, the original builder; Seffrid II., who restored the Cathedral and a great part of the town after the terrible fire of 1187. Here too, used as the Communion Table, we found what may be one of the old altar stones with its five crosses, about which there was so much trouble in the time of Bishop Daye. He had been ordered to remove them, and set up in place of them a wooden table; and upon his declaring that "he could not conform his conscience to do what he was commanded," was bidden to do as he was told, and "in such things to make no conscience where no need was." But Daye's conscience was not so easily quieted, and he was deprived of his bishopric; and after being imprisoned for a year in the Fleet, was sent to the Protestant Bishop of Ely, with directions that he should receive such "Christian advice as shall tend to

the glory of God." But the story goes that meanwhile, by some means or other, someone had contrived that one of the altar stones should be built up and hidden against the wall of the Cathedral, and that it has now once more found its way back to the chapel from which it came.

We had returned to the Retro Choir, perhaps the most beautiful part of the whole Cathedral, the work of that great Prelate and Chancellor, Ralph Neville. Immediately behind what was once the High Altar, and approached by three or four steps, is a stone platform, to right and left of which are the tombs of Bishop Daye and Bishop Storey. Indeed beneath this sacred spot, as the old man said, the vaults are full of bishops, for before the Cathedral was desecrated it was here that the Shrine of Saint Richard stood. It was of silver gilt, and richly jewelled, and at its head was an altar, perhaps the very altar of which we have been speaking. Above and immediately behind, approached from the triforium, was the watchers' gallery, and to right and left of the Shrine were steps forming the path by which pilgrims made the circuit of the tomb in order to kiss the *châsse* which held the sacred bones of the beloved bishop, just as we see people doing to-day at any of the great pilgrim shrines abroad.

For this Richard of Wych was a very holy and

lovable person. Even as a child he had shown signs of his future vocation. At his home at Burford, near Droitwich, he would love to sit beside his mother reading, when other boys were playing the rough games of the times. He lost his parents when he was quite young, and after finishing his elementary education, probably at the Benedictine school at Worcester, worked for a while as labourer and steward of his elder brother's farm, which had been much neglected since the father's death. There is a quaint little story told of this period of Richard's life which suggests how attractive he must have been even as a youth. His brother Robert had made him his heir, and one of the neighbours who had a charming only daughter suggested that the handsome clever Richard should marry her. But possibly the elder brother had himself cast eyes on the maiden, for he seems to have objected to the arrangement, and we hear of Richard going to him, and, while assuring him that he had no desire for his property, suggested that he, Robert, should marry the young lady, adding: "As for me, dearest brother, I have never so much as kissed her."

After this come stories of Richard's Oxford days, when he and two fellow-students lived in one room, with only one cap and one gown between them, so that they had to attend lectures in turn. Firing they had none, and

would probably nearly have starved had it not been the custom of the rich families and the monasteries of the neighbourhood to entertain poor students.

It was during this period of Richard's life that he became acquainted with that other Saint, Edmund Rich, who was lecturing at Oxford just then. He used to gather his students for prayers every morning in the north transept of Saint Peter's in the East, and the young Richard, who was naturally religious, was undoubtedly one of his most constant followers. An old story related of him at this time seems to prove that he was already marked by Providence for a great future. A wealthy young friend was giving a supper to his fellow-students, and Richard was invited. At first he refused, being no doubt unwilling to spare the time from his studies. However, the host insisted, and the merriment was at its height, when a message was brought to Richard that a young horseman was asking for him at the door. I suppose that for once the ascetic young man was really enjoying himself, for he refused to go. Sending the servant to ask what was wanted, back came the message that he was urgently needed and must come at once. When he reached the door, however, no one was in sight, and he was peering out into the darkness when a great crash resounded upstairs in the room he had left, and running in he found that a huge stone from



CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL
NAVE LOOKING WEST

Underwood

the cornice had fallen on his empty seat, and would certainly have killed him had he been there.

After leaving Oxford Richard went to Paris, where he took his degree, and thence to Bologna, where again he had a tempting offer of marriage, his tutor wishing to make him his heir as well as son-in-law.

But Richard had already decided on his future life, and, returning to England, became Chancellor to Edmund Rich, now Archbishop of Canterbury. We all know the beautiful story of the friendship which had sprung up between these holy men, and the devotion Richard showed to the cause of his master. But archbishops in those days required more strength and worldly wisdom than Edmund possessed, in order to combat successfully their greedy and unscrupulous monarchs, and even with the help of his clever and devoted Chancellor the poor Edmund, after some years of unavailing struggle, was worsted, and, worn out by suffering and despair, made his escape to France, taking with him his beloved young friend. Of his subsequent death at Soissy, and of Richard's grief, there is no need to speak here. He had loved Edmund as his own soul, and when, having been ordained priest, he returned to England, and after a short interval became Chancellor to the new Archbishop Boniface, he must often have regretted the days when he

fought the battles and shared the sorrows of his gentle master, Edmund Rich.

For Boniface of Savoy was of quite a different type from the gentle Edmund. Uncle of the reigning Queen—Eleanor of Provence—handsome, proud, worldly, a prelate who had no taste for Holy Poverty, he set himself vigorously to work to repair the ravages Edmund's unstinted charity and care for the poor and needy had wrought to his exchequer.

How Richard of Wych bore with his haughty Superior we are not told, but the new Archbishop must have appreciated his qualities, for shortly after his own appointment to Canterbury, the See of Chichester falling vacant by the death of Ralph Neville, he recommended his Chancellor as the new Bishop.

It was growing dusk. A faint radiance arose from beyond the reredos, lighting the vaulted roof and the pillared arches of the triforium gallery. Then the air began to throb with the rich notes of the organ, and I could hear the slow soft march of the choristers and the clergy as they made their way into the choir. And still we lingered on the site of Richard's shrine. All kinds of memories came thronging round me as the voices rose and fell. I saw Richard at the court of Henry III., presenting his letter of recommendation from the Archbishop, and

watched the King's face as he read it. For Henry, like most of the Plantagenets, was accustomed either to keep bishoprics vacant as long as possible, in order to appropriate the revenues, or he appointed some unworthy favourite of his own, who was willing to pay for the promotion, or share the proceeds of the See with the King. Such an one, the despicable Robert Passleu, had already been promised the Bishopric of Chichester by the King, and great was the rage of Henry at finding himself outwitted by his brother-in-law, the all-powerful Archbishop Boniface. We can hear him raging and storming, and see Richard turning quietly away. It was to the Pope he went in this difficulty, and not in vain, for shortly after we find him consecrated at Lyons by Innocent IV. The story goes that the Holy Oils had run short, so that only a drop had fallen on the head of another bishop who was consecrated on the same occasion : yet how, when Richard's turn came, the liquid flowed in such abundance that cloths had to be brought to prevent it streaming down over his vestments.

The singing had ceased, only a man's voice could be heard reading the evening lesson. We rose and stole softly into the little chapel of Saint Mary Magdalene, where are the beautiful modern paintings recording the life of Saint

Richard. There we see him preaching to the poor, not in his stately Cathedral but out of doors, just as our homeless Lord Himself used to teach when He was upon earth. For on Richard's first arrival as Bishop of Chichester, he found the doors closed against him by order of the King, and became a wanderer through the length and breadth of his diocese. It is thus that we know him best. Often when I am walking along the Sussex lanes, or roaming over the Downs, I fancy I catch sight of his rusty cloak, as he trudges along to some distant village, where he has promised to hold a Confirmation, or preach at some festival.

For this county of Sussex was a wild place in Richard's days, with few religious consolations. True, most villages had churches, but owing to the rapacity of the King and his nobles, many of the village livings were kept vacant for years. And then there were the woodmen, fishermen, remote farmers, and homeless vagrants who tramped the roads or slept in barns or under hedges, and above all, there were the children, and the Bishop loved the children. So there was plenty of work for our Richard, and we may be sure that for all his poverty and weary tramping he was more content than many whom the world counted better off. It was at Tarring that he made his headquarters, in the house of his old friend, the good priest Simon. Tarring

was, and I believe still is, in the gift of the Archbishop, and thus its rector was free to show hospitality to the homeless Bishop, a thing impossible for most of the Sussex clergy, who would have been deprived of their livings had they befriended him. So here Bishop Richard lived, when he lived anywhere, tending the fig-trees said to have been planted by Saint Thomas Becket when on a visit to Tarring, and which still render the village famous. On Sundays he preached no doubt in the old church, whose quaint spiked wooden screen still protects the choir.

No, I feel sure that Saint Richard was very happy during those two years when he made his home at Tarring, in fact, we have his own statement that he had "never passed so cheerful and pleasant a time." Many would have wasted the years in vain efforts to persuade the King to yield, or wearied everyone with complaints and lamentations. That was not the way of our Saint. The more stately functions of his office he was prevented from performing; the rich and noble sided with the King, and turned their backs upon him. So he devoted himself to his poorer brethren.

He was their bishop as he was of the others, and because they were poor they felt more need of him than the rich, and I feel sure that those two homeless years were some of the happiest

and most peaceful of Richard's life. If, from the first, he had been able to live as other bishops of his time, the poor folk could never have grown to know and love him as they did. They might have heard of him as a great prelate and courtier, but he would have remained to them little more than any other Bishop of Chichester. But this holy man who blessed and shared their humble meals, teaching their little ones as he sat by the hearth of an evening, or listening to their parents' joys and sorrows, was their watched-for guest, their familiar friend, so that after his death it was but natural that they should come crowding to his first humble tomb in the Chapel of Saint Edmund.

And it was in fact to the peasants of Sussex, who had grown to love and venerate him during his years of adversity, that our Saint owed the glory of his Canonization.

We had been looking at the beautiful picture of Richard saying Mass in this very chapel, and beside him, represented the niche in which afterwards his head was preserved and venerated. Service was over, the electric lights were being extinguished one by one, so that only a faint gleam from the great window in the transept enabled us to make our way out into the nave. And all the time ghostly forms crowded round us: Henry King, whose father was that Bishop of London whom James the Second called his

“king of preachers,” the same Bishop who is said to have spent his last days weeping and trying to wash his hands clean from the blood of the martyr, John Almond.

And there is that forgotten lady, Maud, Countess of Verdun, carrying her heart in her hands, and Hilary, the friend of King Stephen, who had the great contest with the Abbot of Battle; and, most magnificent of all, Ralph Neville, immediate predecessor of Saint Richard, who built a great mansion for himself in what was known as Chancellor’s, afterwards Chancery Lane, the same building which became the inn or town house of the Earls of Lincoln, and was long known as Lincoln’s Inn.

A packet of old letters was discovered there some years ago, written by the Bishop’s steward, Simon de Seinliz, to his master, then at his London house.

“Pray get some foxhounds for your park at Aldingbourne,” he says, “as the season for catching foxes is going by.” And again later, “Pray send half a dozen foxhounds to Aldingbourne, the foxes are doing great mischief in the park and the season is getting on.” “Get the Prior of Boxgrove, if you can, to appoint your clerk Philip to the little village of Walberton, it is in his gift, and I believe he will willingly grant it.”

Later he writes that he is sending Philip to thank the Bishop on his bended knees for the

Vicarage of Walberton, and to tell him about all the affairs in Sussex. It is a strange little bit of thirteenth-century local life to have turned up in these days.

As we reach the north transept we once more come across our old friend, who takes us into the library.

"It is too late to see the manuscripts," says he, "but if you like I will just show you the rings of Bishop Seffrid." How ghostly they are, these treasures taken from the skeleton fingers of the ancient bishop, his great sapphire, which the people used to kneel and kiss, and the mystic agate carved with strange emblems, and above all, the precious and beloved chalices which during the Bishop's life were kept so bright and shining, now tarnished, battered, defaced, and yet their fate is surely better than that of the rest of the old church treasure.

And then we go out once more into the nave, and listen while the old man, pausing beside the Chapel of Saint Edmund, tells the story of the death of Richard.

He had probably been failing for some time, for though he was under sixty, his life had from the first been one of privation and hardship, and as Pope Urban said, "He lived upon fastings." So when the order arrived for him to set forth once more on his wanderings, preaching the new Crusade, "bending the wild necks of

the Seamen of Sussex to the Yoke of the Cross, and by the ploughshare of his tongue cleaving all hearts," he was already a sick man. It was at Dover that death found him, and with him, most faithful of friends, was Simon of Tarring, that "man after God's own heart," as Ralph Bocking calls him, to whom Richard gave directions as to his burial, and of his wish to be laid to rest in "the great Church of Chichester, in the nave of the said church, near the altar of blessed Edmund, hard by the column."

And he goes on to speak of the visit of Edward, Prince of Wales, afterwards that great and pious King Edward I., and of his wonder at finding Richard's grave thronged by poor sick folk and pilgrims, all telling of the miracles which were being wrought by his means. And of how they begged the Prince to use his influence that this poor man's bishop might receive the honour due to him and be for ever the great Saint of Sussex. And of how a relative of Richard's, Nicholas de Wych, and one of the Canons travelled to Rome and saw Pope Urban, who gave leave for the Canonization, so that on the 16th of June 1276 his body was taken up from the grave he had chosen, and, in presence of Edward, then King, and of his Queen, and crowds of bishops, canons and nobles, was laid in the magnificent shrine which had been raised behind the High Altar. After this the fame of Saint Richard of

Wyck became greater than ever, and the pilgrims so numerous, that, on the day of his festival, the Cathedral was literally thronged with worshippers, bearing long painted wands like those often seen carried by pilgrims at the "Pardons" in Brittany.

In the crush which ensued these wands sometimes became dangerous weapons, and two hundred years later we find Bishop Storey obliged to order the carrying of banners and crosses in place of them, and causing the people to be penned off into parishes, and marched up reverently and quietly from the west door in a settled order, notice of which was to be announced the previous Sunday in all the churches of the diocese. I love to picture this great English Cathedral, on the festival day of its favourite saint, in all the glory of the ancient ritual, such as may still be seen in pilgrim churches abroad. And I like to think, too, of the quiet days that came between the pilgrimages, such days as that when King Edward I., arriving unexpectedly, not only found watchers posted night and day to guard the relics, but the harper of Chichester playing before the shrine. I said so to our guide.

"Yes," said he, "it must have been very fine with the Arundel Screen up and all. It was a pity they couldn't save the shrine." And I thought of the days when Thomas Cromwell's letter arrived, "he having been informed of a

certain kind of idolatry about the bones of a certain bishop called Saint Richard," and bidding the clergy "take away the bones of the said Richard, and his shrine," and deliver all the gold and silver and jewels safely to the keeping of the Tower of London.

And then at last came that other day when Waller's troops were let loose in the Cathedral. "And left not so much as a cushion for the pulpit, nor a chalice for the Blessed Sacrament, crying as they dashed the organ pipes with their pole-axes, 'Hark, how the organs goe!'"

Well, it is orderly enough once more, perfect as money and taste can make it. The electric lamps gleam softly on the rude Norman arches of Ralph Luffa, and light up the high vaulted roof of Bishop Seffrid the Second. Even the old stone altar has been respected, and the site of Saint Richard's shrine marked by a Latin inscription. He is recalled to us on every hand by the beautiful old walk, where he used to pace, reading his Office, by the doorway through which he passed on his way to and from the Cathedral, by the charming window in the cloister given quite lately by one who, like himself, was "A Wayfarer." By the exquisite paintings in the chapel, where he so often said Mass, by the precious and beautiful aumbry, where his head was kept and venerated for so many years, by the Cathedral itself.

A few days ago we motored down to Cakeham, near West Wittering, at the mouth of Chichester harbour, where the Bishops of Chichester had a country house. It was a grey day, and the maze of narrow muddy lanes leading from farm to farm was so intricate, that we had wandered nearly all over the peninsula before we came upon the house. It is an old house still, though it has been re-formed, re-built and turned into a farm since Richard's time. And here, again, we were able to wander about in fancy with our Saint. For there are old walls, old windows remaining, which may date from his days ; above all, there is the very chapel where he prayed and said Mass. It is a little building with a vaulted roof, too humble I should think to attract the attention of Waller and his troops. To-day it is used as a store-house, but even so, it has a quiet, sacred atmosphere pervading it, so that we hushed our voices as we entered. The garden too, how Richard must have loved it, he who was always at heart a gardener. Here, out in the quiet country, Richard seems perhaps less of a bishop and more of a friend, though he may well have been both when he was on earth. It was he, I feel sure, who put it into our minds to go next day to the ancient village of Singleton, which lies among the downs in the valley of the Lavant, just behind Goodwood.

For it was surely at Singleton that Richard

spent the night before making his solemn entry into Chichester to take possession of his diocese. Henry had at last given way, and great was the rejoicing of the city in consequence. Knowing something of the Bishop's habit of life, we may be sure that he spent most of the night praying in the ancient church, whose Saxon tower can be seen among the trees as we drive into the village. The aisles, with their beautiful pointed arches, had lately been added to the very ancient nave and chancel, and as we enter the porch, with its benitier still in place on the right, we can see Richard crossing himself as he enters, and fancy him kneeling before the altar, where are still found the aumbry and piscina as of old. And in the morning, after Mass, he would mount his horse and climb the steep hill between the high chalk banks, as we did the other day, till he found himself high up on a level with the tops of the Downs, Levin Hill, Court Hill and the like, each with its cap of trees; and always in front the great mass of Rook's or Saint Roche's Hill, better known perhaps to some of my readers as the Trundle, where, as an old Chichester authority assures me, Aaron's Golden Calf lies buried.

There he would emerge from the woods, with which in those days the Downs were clothed, to find on his left a vast level triangle of grass, where now, on Goodwood day, motors are accus-

tomed to draw up and wait. Here the Mayor and Aldermen of Chichester would be assembled with the chief men of the city, and the poor folk too, all eager to welcome home their long-desired and most beloved of Bishops. It is easy enough to picture Richard here. I can see him—cannot you?—seated on his palfrey with his hand raised in blessing, and his eyes gazing away to the south, where can be seen the three squat towers¹ and long roof of his Cathedral of Chichester.

¹ The spire was not erected until after 1369.



WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL

THE CHANTRY CHAPELS OF CARDINAL BEAUFORT AND BISHOP FOX

IV

WINCHESTER

EVERYONE who has visited Winchester will remember, lying about half a mile to the south-west, a hill whose summit is crowned by a tuft of feathery trees, while round its shoulders has been flung a grass-grown rampart. It is Saint Catherine's Hill, and if you climb the steep side, as I did yesterday, and wander about among the rough tussocks of grass, you will come upon a circular depression which, when fitted with a central pole, and roofed with a thatch of branches, once formed the dwelling-place of some prehistoric inhabitant of this Valley of the Itchen.

By the time he and his descendants had built their rampart, the hill must have been quite an important centre, for watchers could see down the valley for miles, and so become early aware of the approach of an enemy. There was a fish-stocked river too, wandering about, as it still wanders, over the marshy ground at the foot of the hill, and forests full of game which these early men hunted with the flint implements that have been found in such abundance in the district,

and which you may study in the glass cases of the Museum. And what perhaps rendered its position even more precious to those early men and women, was, that half a mile to the north-east was a well, famous for the perfect purity and never-failing abundance of its water, and therefore sacred.

As time went on all kinds of beliefs and superstitions gathered around this holy spot, till when the Romans arrived in the Itchen Valley they found the Druid priests offering sacrifices to their Divinity beside it, and predicting the future from the appearance of the water of the well, just as we may still see peasants doing to-day at any of the holy wells in Brittany. As a modern writer says :

“ Her pin she drew from out her shawl,
Then murmuring forth an ancient charm
Over the water stretched an arm
And from her fingers let it fall.”

In this case the pin falls to the bottom, and the girl knows that her love will end unhappily, the writer being a true-born Breton and well versed in the superstitions which still underlie the later born Christianity of his country.

About the year 167, while the Romans were still occupying, and to a certain extent ruling the land, a rather mythical person, alluded to by Bede and Geoffrey of Monmouth as King Lucius

having heard of the Christian religion—perhaps from some of the Roman soldiers—sent messengers to the Pope asking that he might be made a Christian, and dedicated the temple, which had arisen over the old well, to the Holy Saviour.

As to the subsequent history of this first Church of Winchester, we know very little save that the Christians of that district suffered greatly during the days of the Diocletian persecution. But the Faith revived under Constantine, and the ancient church, by then the Church of Saint Amphibalus—that priest for whom Saint Alban suffered martyrdom—was there when the peace of the Valley of the Itchen was again broken.

In the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle we read of this calamity thus: “A. 519. This year Cerdic and Cynric obtained the kingdom of the West Saxons; and the same year they fought against the Britons, and from that time forth the royal offspring of the West Saxons reigned.”

During the terrible years which followed, the Cathedral of Lucius was turned into a temple for Thor and Woden, whose Golden Dragon was set up in place of the Cross. In this desecrated building Cerdic was crowned King of the West Saxons, and there he was buried in 534.

For the next hundred years we hear little of Winchester, for all the monks had been killed, and they were the only people who knew how to keep records. But if you talk to some of

the old folk of Winchester they will tell you how, during that dark century, Saint Augustine came over from Canterbury and preached under an oak in Hempage Wood, and will even show you the remains of the tree, a hollow bole, which, they say, still, after fourteen hundred years, throws forth a few leaves in spring.

The old legend may be true, for, as we know, Augustine did travel westwards as far as the banks of the Severn to meet the British bishops, and try to come to some sort of agreement with them. But even if he did visit Winchester, it was probably not the proud Saxons who listened to the Saint, but some of the poor British who had escaped to the forests, and whose forefathers had been converted at the same time as the British King Lucius. For when, in 635, Bishop Birinus arrived from Rome, he found the whole nation of the West Saxons given over to idolatry.

This Birinus was a Frank by birth, but had been educated in Rome, and had come over by the advice of Pope Honorius to preach the Gospel in Wessex. He and his little band of monks had already passed through France, and were well on their way across the Channel when the Bishop discovered that he had left on shore a Corporal containing the Blessed Sacrament.

It was in vain that he begged the sailors to return, they were deaf to his entreaties. So with a prayer for aid he stepped quietly over the

ship's side, and proceeded to walk over the waves to shore. Here he found his treasure, and returning to the ship was soon once more on his way to Southampton. They say that it is an ill wind which blows nobody any good. This was certainly true with regard to Birinus. For the sailors were so amazed at the miracle, that on reaching shore one and all begged to be baptized, and it was thus with quite a little following of Christians that the Bishop and his monks reached Winchester, where the fame of this wonderful missionary and his miracle soon got noised abroad.

Now the King of Wessex, Kynegils, was entertaining his Overlord, the saintly Oswald of Northumbria, who had come to beg for the daughter of Kynegils in marriage. So Birinus and his monks found themselves well received at court, and when the King of Wessex heard of the miracle, and of this wonderful new religion, he begged for instruction, and, as the old chronicle says, "veiling his princely pride," was baptized before the Northumbrian king and his bride left Winchester, Oswald receiving his father-in-law as he came forth from the baptismal font. Then the nobles followed the example of their king, and everyone came flocking into the Church. And Birinus and his monks destroyed the temple of Thor and Woden, and on its site, still over the Sacred Well, built the new Cathedral of

Winchester. And Kynegils gave to this new worshipping place all the land for seven miles around the city, for the support of the Bishop and the monks, and for the many good works to which they devoted themselves. For we must never forget in thinking about these ancient religious institutions, that they were the only sources of relief which the poor and suffering had to look to, since there were no workhouses, and no hospitals save those which were built and worked by the clergy. So when a king endowed a monastery, he was not only benefitting the monks but helping to provide for the poor and needy of the district. It is interesting to note that much of this land left by King Kynegils is still held by the Dean and Chapter of Winchester.

We have all heard in childhood of Saint Swithun, the old Saxon weather prophet. But there are comparatively few of us who look upon this ninth-century Bishop as a real living personage, whom one meets at every turn as one strolls about the Cathedral, recalling the stories of the Saxon kings who first endowed it. This Swithun was the friend of King Egbert, first king of all England, and tutor of his son Ethelwulf, and of his grandson the celebrated Alfred, whose statue stands in the square at Winchester. Like other boys of his time, Alfred found the forests round his home very distracting, and stole away to hunt when he ought to have

been at his lessons. Asser the monk tells us the well-known story of the boy's mother, troubled at her son's backwardness at learning, promising a beautifully illuminated book of Saxon poetry to the boy as soon as he could repeat it. It was to Swithun that Alfred went, and the monk read and re-read it to him till he knew it by heart, and repeating it to the Queen, received the prize. Afterwards Swithun taught him many things, and particularly many psalms, which were written in a little book the boy kept day and night in his bosom. But I doubt if he ever became a learned man, since the same biographer tells us that he often confessed in later life, with many lamentations and sighs, that his want of learning had been one of his greatest difficulties in life.

It was Saint Swithun who built the great bridge over the Itchen, an arch of which was discovered only a few years ago when they were excavating close by in the road. We thought of him the other day as we crossed the river on our way to Saint Giles's Hill, and pictured the old man sitting beside the stream watching the workmen that his "presence might stimulate their industry."

It was owing to this great and good man's help and advice that Ethelwulf became the fine king he undoubtedly was, and that Winchester rose at that time to be the chief city of England.

It was no doubt Swithun again who persuaded the King to take this promising Alfred of his to Rome, that he might see the world and become acquainted with the great Pope Leo IV., who adopted him as his godson when he was confirmed in the Holy City.

Altogether Bishop Swithun was a very wonderful person, and must have been a great power for good in the wild days in which he lived. When he died he left directions that he should be buried in the churchyard where the rain from the eaves might fall upon him, and passers-by might tread upon his tomb. As we shall see, his body was exhumed later and carried into the church to be placed in a gorgeous shrine behind the High Altar, where it became the centre of a pilgrimage right down to the time of the Reformation.

The other day when I was at Winchester, I was taken up into the ancient library, which lies above the south aisle of the south transept, and there, among other rare and wonderful things, I saw a charter of King Ethelwulf, giving to Saint Swithun and his Minster for ever a tenth of all the royal lands. It was engrossed on parchment, and the King and his son Alfred, and many other royal and celebrated persons had made their little crosses of assent before their names. But perhaps most interesting of all was the cross of the great Swithun himself,

who, we are told, was present with all the clergy when the King laid the document on the High Altar of Winchester Cathedral, where it was received by Saint Swithun "as God's representative on earth."

Two years after the death of the Saint, Winchester was sacked by the Danes, but the great wall which this Bishop had built round his church and monastery (on the foundations of which the present Close wall stands) saved the Cathedral from the fate which overtook the town.

As for Alfred, after his return from Rome he passed most of his boyhood at Winchester, in the old Castle of Wolvesey, the ruins of which lie to the south-east of the Cathedral. Here it was that later he wrote, or caused to be written, his "History of the English People."

It is a lovely quiet spot this Wolvesey, a place where one may sit and dream in the sunshine, and watch the sheep feeding, and the boys playing, just as Alfred and his companions played more than a thousand years ago. Around us are ruins of flint walls still showing the arches of windows, and stones where there may have been a hearth. And high up, in the thickness of the wall, is a broken passage, through which almost any of the ancient people whose bones we visit in the Cathedral may have passed.

Every one at Winchester knows the story of Alfred: how on his marriage with Eadburga,

that "respected lady of Mercian race," he was smitten with a mysterious and very painful disease, which troubled him all through his life; how he was harassed by the Danes, and had to escape to the marshes and the Isle of Athelney, where he lived disguised in the hut of a swineherd named Denewulf, who, according to a local tradition, was later made Bishop of Winchester, a most unlikely story! How Alfred was set by the wife of his host to watch the cooking of the cakes, and falling into a reverie, let them burn:

"Ca'sn thee mind the ke-aks, man, an' doossen zee 'em burn?

I'm boun thee's eat 'em vast enough, az zoon az 'tiz tha turn!"

as someone has translated the Latin verse of the original story. How the King, still disguised, played the harp in the very court of the Danish King, so learning all the plan of his campaign, and how, by means of the knowledge so gained, he conquered this King of the Northmen, Gothrun, and, having converted him to Christianity, stood sponsor for him at his baptism. And there is the account of the first Parliament, or Witan, held at Winchester; and finally of the great King's death on the 28th of October 901, and of his funeral in the old Minster. But if you ask anyone whether Alfred's bones are with those of the other Saxon kings, in one of

Bishop Foxe's beautiful mortuary chests above the Choir Screen, he will shake his head, and tell you a strange ghostly little story of the King having been continually seen by the canons walking about the cloisters in the moonlight, so that they could get no peace, and begged his son Edward to remove his body to the new Minster, which then stood close to the older building. That monastery was transported to Hyde in 1110, and with it the bones of the great King, and for six hundred years Alfred slept in peace. But with the destruction of Hyde Abbey by the vandals of the eighteenth century, his tomb and his body disappeared for ever.

Another great shade which I am sure must walk the Cathedral precincts is that of Dunstan, the splendid statesman, and pure, single-minded churchman, who has been so much misunderstood and misrepresented. As a youth he was called to the court of King Athelstan, where he gained such a reputation for learning, and especially for mechanical skill, that he was accused by the idle and ignorant courtiers of having dealings with Satan, and sent into exile. It was to Winchester that he went, where he became the friend of Saint Elphege. It was by Dunstan's advice that the unruly secular canons and their wives were expelled from the monastery which

had grown up round the old Saxon church. They were replaced by Benedictine monks from Abingdon, who became noted for their music under the teaching of the precentor, Wulstan. An old chronicler has left a curious description of this Saxon Cathedral, with its many chapels, its numerous columns, and intricate passages, "where a man might easily be lost." Above all there was the mighty tower with pinnacles and balls of gold, and a weathercock which caught the sun and filled travellers with amazement as they watched him boldly facing every wind that blew, and lording it over the city and the men of Winchester. Whether this prodigy was the invention of the gifted Dunstan I cannot say, nor can I be sure if it was he who designed the "pair of organs of tremendous size and power, with twelve bellows above, and fourteen below, needing seventy strong men as blowers, all working like galley slaves with toil and sweat, and noise of shouting." It is added that this amazing instrument could be heard all over the city.

Into the crypt of this wonderful Cathedral Bishop Ethelwold moved the bodies of the ancient kings of Wessex, and also that of the holy Saint Swithun, who, according to his wish, had lain for more than a hundred years in the churchyard. He had lately appeared to a poor labourer, charging him to tell Bishop Ethelwold that, if

he would remove his body to the new Cathedral, it should be to him a treasure more precious than pearls. The day fixed for the translation, however, was so wet, and for forty days after continued so unsettled, that the ceremony had to be postponed; which gave rise to the saying :

“ Saint Swithun’s day, if thou dost rain,
For forty days it will remain ;
Saint Swithun’s day, if thou be fair,
For forty days ’twill rain na mair.”

Many scenes rise before our eyes as we think of this Saxon building. We can see the pilgrims flocking to the shrine of the Saint, thus fulfilling his promise that he would be to the Church a treasure more precious than pearls. The sick came in such multitudes, we are told, that the very monks themselves grew weary, and the holy Saint was obliged to appear and remind them of their duties.

There is Cnut too, one of the greatest of all the royal ghosts who flit about this ancient building. It is said that after the well-known scene when the waves had refused to obey him, he came riding up from the shore, carrying his golden crown in his hand, and, going straight to the Cathedral, placed it on the great cross which stood above the altar. And never more would Cnut wear his crown, so humble

was he before his God, although so mighty a king.

And his wife Emma? I remember as a little child being taken to Winchester by my father, and as we walked up the nave with its towering pillars, I feeling like a tiny ant creeping over the pavement, he told me the story of Emma and the Ploughshares. He said she was a foreigner, a sister of the Duke of Normandy, ten years older than Cnut, a widow with two sons when he married her. She seems to have fascinated Cnut completely, with her round merry face and gay French manners, and as for the people, they called her Elfgifu, the gift of the fairies.

Now she was a widow again, and none too popular, for she was very fond of money, and had lavished all her affection and much of her wealth on the son of her second husband, the worthless Hardicanute, who died of drink at a marriage feast. A great deal of gossip had arisen about Emma, one way and another, and she had begged to be allowed to prove her innocence by the ordeal of fire. I remember my father picturing the crowds that filled the nave, and the thousands of excited spectators who had gathered outside in the graveyard, and we wondered where they laid the ploughshares, and how they kept them red hot on the stone floor. As I entered the Cathedral the other day the scene arose before

me once more. I saw the people all leaning forward to catch a glimpse of the beautiful woman, who, having laid aside her royal robes and bared her feet, was standing before the glowing irons. "O God," she cries, "who did'st save Susanna from the malice of the wicked elders, and the three children from the furnace of fire, save me, for the sake of Thy holy servant Swithun, from the fire prepared for me." And all the while her son, King Edward, sat up in the choir anxiously watching the strange scene.

For, stretching out her hands to be held by the bishops who walked one on either side of her, she fixed her eyes on the roof and went forward boldly, amid the shouts and prayers of the crowd, calling on God to save her.

"When am I coming to the ploughshares?" she asked presently. And a murmur of amazement ran through the building, for she had reached the steps leading to the choir, the ordeal was safely passed, and her white-haired son was lying sobbing at her feet, begging her forgiveness, and asking the bishops to beat him with his sceptre.

Such is one of the great scenes we always associate with the nave of Winchester. I know that, if it really ever happened, the Cathedral has been transformed out of all recognition since those days, even if it was not entirely rebuilt by the Norman Bishop, Walkelyn. Still, for me

these old buildings remain the same. Changes of architecture mean little to one who is not an architect. British churches may have been erected over Druid wells, heathen temples have replaced Christian churches, a Saxon cathedral stood where Thor and Woden were once adored, a Norman bishop altered it according to the fashion of his taste and nation, while his successors changed it, added to it, beautified it, lavished upon it all their wealth, skill, and loving devotion, in order to render it a fitting abode for the God they adored. For me all these changes go to make up the Cathedral of Winchester, and the ghosts of the great men who once walked its aisles and transepts haunt it still, and relate the stories and legends of their time. I believe them all, especially while I am there.

And they crowd round one, each anxious to be heard, so that one gets confused, and can only set down a few fragments of what they tell one.

Here is Walkelyn, the stately friend and cousin of William the Conqueror; Bishop Walkelyn, "whose good works, surpassing fame, will resist the power of oblivion, so long as the Episcopal See shall there continue," or so says old William of Malmesbury. After the Bishop has shown us his nave—for we must not forget that it is really his nave, though changed out of all recognition by one of his successors—he will lead

us into one of the beautiful transepts, and tell us how William Rufus gave him half a hide of land in the Isle of Wight, with permission to excavate stone for his Cathedral, and how the monks of his monastery carried it home across the Solent at low tide, a strange and rather tough story, but one which is told at Winchester to this day. And then, passing through a little door, we shall climb, and climb, and climb, till we reach a stone chamber which he calls the Priest's Room, and a gallery from which, through the carven lacework, a monk could keep watch on the Chapel of the Blessed Virgin lying far below. And so presently we shall emerge into the old Norman Bell Tower, and see the twelve ropes of the great bells hanging through the ceiling. And the Bishop with a sigh will tell us how the original tower fell in 1107, and how everyone said it was a judgment of God for having buried the wicked king, William Rufus, in the choir beneath. And then, if we have good heads, we may venture out upon a wooden gallery which runs between the exquisite present vaulting of the nave and its outer roof, and the good Bishop will tell us, perhaps a little regretfully, of his own wooden ceiling, and point to the mighty beams of oak, still as strong as ever, which support the roof. And be sure that we shall hear the story of how he got the better of his redoubtable kinsman, William the Conqueror.

For William, who took a great interest in the rebuilding of this Cathedral, finding his cousin Walkelyn at a standstill for timber, gave him permission to take as much oak from Hempage Wood as his men could fell and carry in four days and nights. So the Bishop, being a wise man, and knowing that the oak of Hempage was some of the best in the country, gathered together every woodman he could think of, and they all went in a body to the wood, and by the end of the allotted time had completely cleared it of its best trees, leaving only Saint Augustine's Oak, which, as I have said, remains to this day.

Now, shortly after, the King came riding over the hills on his way to Winchester, and drew up in amazement at the sorry spectacle his favourite forest presented.

"Are my eyes bewitched?" cried he, "or have I lost my senses? I thought I had a beautiful forest here, close to Winchester!" Then someone told him what his cousin Walkelyn had done, and so great was his rage that he refused even to allow the Bishop to enter his castle. But Walkelyn, who well knew the generous nature of his cousin, and the affection the King bore him, disguised himself and so managed to slip in unobserved, and cast himself at the King's feet, confessing what he had done. Then the great William smiled in spite of himself.

“Ah, Walkelyn,” said he, “I was as much too generous in my gift as you were too greedy in availing yourself of it.” And so the matter ended.

But the affectionate relations which existed between the Conqueror and his cousin the Bishop did not continue with the second William, and one day a demand arrived from Rufus for Walkelyn to deliver up a vast sum to defray the cost of the King’s wild extravagances. The poor old man had spent his all, both strength and wealth, on this beloved Cathedral of his, and was in despair. Knowing it useless to appeal to the King’s mercy—a quality which indeed Rufus did not possess—Bishop Walkelyn raised a despairing cry to God that He would take him out of a world in which he no longer found himself wanted, and a fortnight later he received an answer to his prayer, and fell thankfully asleep.

A gruesome scene which took place shortly afterwards was the burial of William II. himself. Through the woods near Romsey, and over the hill-top above Otterbourne, and so down into the Valley of the Itchen, came the “crazy two-wheeled cart of the charcoal burner, drawn by a sorry nag,” and in it the swollen, distorted form of the Red King, and all the while, we are told, the blood fell in heavy drops, staining the dust as he passed. The charcoal burner, one Purkis by name, took him to the castle,

where he had passed his last restless night, haunted by dreams of blood, which flowing from him reached to heaven and veiled the very sun. Thence he was borne to the west door of the Cathedral, and buried in a tomb which had been prepared beneath the great lanthorn, now the tower, which Walkelyn had raised only a year or two earlier. One of the vergers told me that a few years ago he was showing some people round the Cathedral when an old man asked to see the tomb of Rufus.

"There it is," said the attendant. "You know the story, how he was shot in the New Forest, and brought here by a charcoal burner, who found his body lying on the ground with the arrow sticking in his chest?"

"Aye," said the old man, "I know. And what was the charcoal burner's name?"

"Oh, I'm afraid I can't tell you that," answered the other.

"Well, I can," said the old man. "Purkis 'twas. I'm a Purkis myself. We're still charcoal burners and live in the same place we lived in then, a few yards from the Rufus Stone. I've always meant to come and have a look at that tomb since I heard the story from my old grandfather, as he did from his."

And the tale does not even end there, for when a few years ago there was a great pageant at Winchester, I was told that the driver of the

cart which carried the King's body was one Purkis, a charcoal burner from the New Forest.

A sweet and gentle person who, I am sure, must still sometimes flit about this Cathedral in the twilight, is "Good Queen Molde," as she was affectionately called by the citizens. Her mother, Saint Margaret of Scotland, had sent her, when yet a little girl, to be educated by her aunt, Christina, Abbess of the royal Convent of Romsey. Henry Beauclerk was feeling none too easy about his right to the English crown, which he had seized immediately he heard of the death of his brother Rufus. So he thought it prudent to marry into the old Saxon royal family which his father had dispossessed, and Molde, or Matilda, was the grand-daughter of the brave and popular Edmund Ironside. There was at first some difficulty about overcoming the young lady's scruples, as she had made a private vow that she would become a nun, and had even worn a veil. But as this had been chiefly to escape the attentions of her unspeakable cousin, William Rufus, she easily obtained a dispensation from Archbishop Anselm, and after her marriage lived much at Winchester. Her memory comes to us like a spring day amid the storms of winter, for she is one of the sweetest and most attractive characters we meet here. She loved the old city and its Cathedral. Especially was she fond

of music and the singing of the monks, and we can fancy we see her stealing in, in her quiet way, to pay her evening visit to the Cathedral, and say a prayer for one of the poor sick patients she was so fond of visiting and tending. It was at Winchester that her son William was born, and when she died she was buried in the east end of the mysterious crypt, in which is situated the Sacred Well.

But the peaceful days of Henry I. were followed by some of the most stormy Winchester ever had to endure. For the Bishop, Henry of Blois, was brother to King Stephen, and some of the worst fights between that King and the Empress Matilda were fought around the very walls of the Cathedral. Indeed it is difficult to understand how the building escaped entire destruction, as we picture the awful scenes when the fireballs were sent raining down upon the wooden houses, and the whole city north of High Street was in a blaze. Those were terrible days for Winchester, for Matilda was more like her warlike grandfather William the Conqueror than her gentle mother the good Queen Molde. She was so proud that she disgusted even the Bishop with her haughty manners. At last, food and water having failed up at the old Castle, she had herself carried out, wrapped up in lead like a corpse, and so escaped from Winchester to continue the war elsewhere.

As for Bishop Henry of Blois, good pious man that he was, he settled down to a long and peaceful old age. We hear of him years after on his deathbed, in Wolvesey Castle, chiding King Henry II. roundly for his share in the death of Saint Thomas of Canterbury, and prophesying all manner of evils which would fall upon him in consequence. "Never," says a contemporary writer, "was any man more chaste, prudent, or pitiful. He has now passed to the Lord whom he loved with all his heart. . . . May his soul rest in Abraham's bosom."

It was Henry of Blois who founded the Hospital of Saint Cross, which still lies among the green meadows that border the Itchen. I should like to take you to see the wonderful Transitional Norman Church, and ask one of the charming old brothers to show you his sweet little home and beautifully kept garden, where he and his wife live out their sunny old age in peace and plenty. There is the great hall with its central hearth, and dais, and the chairs of the later benefactors—William of Wykeham and Cardinal Beaufort. And you can see the kitchen with its ancient roasting jack, and huge pewter dishes and beer mugs, and the old gateway and porter's lodge where they will still serve out to you, if you ask for it, a slice of bread and a horn cup of ale. And overhead the statue of Our Blessed Lady with her little Son in her arms still

watches over the peaceful sunny place as she did of old ; though, as our old guide is careful to explain : “ ’Tis the Madonna and God, now. There used to be a statue of the Virgin Mary there in Popish times, but that fell down.”

As the old man ambles along in his black gown and cap, his silver cross on his breast, he will tell you tales of Winchester which you never find in books. For he has plenty of time in this quiet spot to dream about the past. What a foundation to have lasted more than seven hundred years ! There are nurses and doctors to see to the brethren when they are sick, and ten shillings a week for the wives when they lose their husbands, and a hundred poor folk provided for besides as non-resident pensioners. People talk about the old bishops and their riches, but if one takes the trouble to read their true histories, one generally finds that they lived sparingly enough themselves. For charity in those days was voluntary, and men gave for the love of God, and not because they were forced to do so by contributing to the poor laws, or by buying stamps.

One of the first things one notices in Winchester Cathedral is the strange contrast between the early perpendicular nave and the Norman transepts—and if you speak of this to any one of the pleasant and learned people who seem so

pleased to help you to understand the building, one of them is sure to tell you the story of the Transformation of the Nave by the great William of Wykeham. See, here is his magnificent Chantry Chapel filling the space between two of the huge columns on the south side of the nave. Within it lies his painted effigy, perfect as the day his sculptor left it, and at his feet crouch three little monks, said by some people to be portraits of his doctor, his lawyer, and his architect. And if you ask why this tomb is so perfect, you will be told that when in the days of the Commonwealth soldiers were sent to wreck the Cathedral, they were commanded by an old Winchester boy, Colonel Fiennes, who stood by and protected the tomb of the beloved founder of his great school. And you will hear of an old altar to the Virgin which once stood against the eastern pillar, before which the boy William of Wykeham used to kneel every morning during Mass, and so conceived an affection for this spot, and decided that his body should lie there after death. But you will hear much more than this about William of Wykeham. For it was this great man who completed so marvellously the idea of his predecessor, Bishop Edington, of Transforming the Nave.

It seems incredible, but it is nevertheless true, that these mighty piers, twelve feet square, are the solid stone casing within which still exist

the Norman columns of Bishop Walkelyn. It is the same with the rest of the nave, it has been recased, transformed, and in the process greatly strengthened, so that even if we sigh after the rude majesty of the Norman Cathedral, as some of us cannot help doing, we must admire the extraordinary genius of those great architects—Bishop Edington and William of Wykeham. The latter designed many of our best known castles, among them the Round Tower of Windsor, upon which he placed the well-known ambiguous inscription, "This made Wykeham." Altogether he was a very gifted person, and so beloved and trusted by his royal master Edward III., that Froissart tells us that nothing was done without his advice. He became immensely rich, but devoted his wealth to all kinds of good works, especially to the cause of education, so that many of our sons even in these present days are benefitting by this good Bishop's wealth, either at his great school at Winchester, or at one of his university colleges.

Another great Winchester bishop, best remembered I am afraid by the terrible description of his deathbed by Shakespeare, is Cardinal Beaufort, the son of John of Gaunt by his third wife. There is not the slightest ground in history for the picture which the great writer drew of this really wonderful man, and so far from dying and making no sign, his last hours

were most peaceful. A week or two before he passed away, knowing that his days were numbered, he had himself carried into the great hall of his palace of Wolvesey. There he caused to be assembled all the clergy and monks of the city, and lay on a bier in their midst as though already dead, listening while a dirge was sung, the funeral ceremonies performed, and his will read. Next morning he was again laid there while his Requiem Mass was celebrated, and his will read once more. Then, after taking leave of all who were present he was carried back to his chamber, and so passed peacefully away. These strange and somewhat gruesome ceremonies certainly do not suggest that he had a guilty conscience or any fear whatever of death, and it seems very hard that the really fine character of Cardinal Beaufort should have suffered so grievously because Shakespeare saw in his death the possibility of a fine dramatic scene. Among many excellent objects on which he lavished his wealth was the foundation of another order of Brothers at Saint Cross, to be known as the Almshouse of Noble Poverty, for the relief of university men in reduced circumstances. The money is still used for the purpose for which the Cardinal intended it.

Cardinal Beaufort's Chantry stands in one of the most beautiful and interesting parts of the Cathedral, the Retro Choir, where formerly was

the shrine of Saint Swithun. The Bishop is represented lying on his tomb in his scarlet hat and mantle, and one cannot help wondering what this Uncle of Kings, and Prince of the Church would say if he heard his features and character being discussed by some of the visitors.

These wonderful chantries form one of the great attractions of Winchester Cathedral. Perhaps the most beautiful is that of Bishop Foxe, the friend of Henry VII. and godfather of Henry VIII. It was Foxe who built the exquisite stone screen round the choir, and designed the vaulted roof of the Presbytery, with its amazing painted bosses. Below the Chantry itself, in a niche, lies his effigy, the statue of his dead body, which he kept in his house for twenty years to remind him that he must shortly pass away.

And now, before we visit the choir and Lady Chapel, let us return to the nave, for we have forgotten to notice that great curiosity of Winchester, the Norman Font. A cubic block of blue-black marble it was originally, hollowed out above, and undercut below, so that it stands on a solid central pedestal, and four squat pillars. The sides are sculptured in the strangest fashion, two with various symbols of baptism, the others representing scenes from the life of either Saint Nicholas of Myra, or, as some say, of Birinus, the Apostle to the West Saxons.

In the year 1486 there was a great christening in this font. The reigning King, Henry VII., who knew that he had a very doubtful right to the throne, had married Elizabeth of York, the real hereditary heiress. After her marriage she kept her court at Winchester, living with her mother, Elizabeth Woodville, and her mother-in-law, the Countess of Richmond. It was here that her eldest son was born, and was christened in the old Norman font. Elizabeth Woodville herself was godmother, and the young Queen's sister Cecily carried the baby, whom they named Arthur after the greatest of the British kings, from the last of whom, Cadwallader, King Henry claimed to be descended.

But what a day for the child's adoring grandmother, the Countess of Richmond! They say she had made astounding preparations for the coming of this child, ordering his cradle, which was to be "faire, set forth by painter's craft, and to be furnished with great magnificence like as the Princess herself were lying therein."

I wonder what presents she made to the Cathedral after the ceremony? Perhaps some of the wonderful and precious things we shall presently picture on the High Altar came from her. For I think the time has come for us to visit the choir, and try to imagine it as it was before the second grandson of this same Countess of Richmond robbed the church she

loved of everything that was worth carrying away.

At the top of the steps leading from the nave was, in former days as in all cathedrals, the *pulpitum*, from which the Scriptures were read to the people, and sermons preached. And because a great crucifix was set up here it was also called the Rood Loft. At Winchester this crucifix, and the statues which stood below, had been left to the Cathedral by Bishop Stigand, and were of silver and gold, of great size and value. Beneath were sculptured and painted histories from the Old and New Testaments, so that even in those days, when few people knew how to read, they could easily become acquainted with the Bible, for there were always monks to explain it to them, either from the sculptures or from the stained glass of the windows.

On either side of the doorway beneath this Rood Loft was an altar, where Mass was said, and passing through the door itself one entered, as now, the choir with its matchless thirteenth-century stalls, delicate as lace, black as ebony, no two alike, all marked with the quaint individuality, humour, and genius of the sculptor monks who wrought them more than six hundred years ago. And there is Bishop Silksteed's pulpit, only less wonderful and ancient than the stalls,

with its skeins of silk, and image of a steed forming the rebus of his name. And beyond there is the stone altar screen of which no words of mine can picture the beauty and majesty. How it escaped destruction at the hands of the Puritan soldiers, I cannot understand. The figures of the bishops and other holy persons were indeed removed, but the exquisite frozen lace of the niches remains, and to-day with statues restored, one can gain some idea of this glorious place as it once was, "with its altar plated with gold, and garnished with precious stones, with tabernacle and steps of embroidered work ornamented with pearls, and six great silver gilt candle-sticks, and reliquaries wrought with gold and jewels ; while above was Cnut's great crucifix set with gems, and higher still the golden crown which he placed there in honour of the Lord of the Universe."

Well, it is beautiful even now, and interesting beyond words. The chests above the choir screen yet contain the bones of Saxon kings, though we cannot be sure of which, since, when the Parliamentary troops used them for throwing at the stained glass of the windows, they did not trouble to put them back where they found them !

I was allowed to wander where I would at Winchester, and one afternoon had made my way up the north aisle, past the memorial to

Jane Austen, the beautiful Norman Chapel of the Epiphany, and the Easter Sepulchre with its marvellous wall paintings. Crossing the Retro Choir, where one always thinks of Saint Swithun and Saint Birinus, I came at last into the Lady Chapel, and sat down to rest and think over all I had seen. I was leaving Winchester the next day, and my mind was full to overflowing, for one might spend years instead of hours in the old city and yet know but a tithe of its history.

The organ had begun to sound, not as in olden times when two monks were playing, and seventy blowers working, but softly, solemnly, and sweetly, as though the great Wesley was once again dreaming his visions in the twilight. And as I listened I began dreaming too. Once more the walls were uncovered, and the paintings representing scenes from the life of Our Lady glowed with colour. And I fancied I saw kneeling before the altar the figure of a woman, her face raised in supplication, and in her still beautiful eyes a new-born hope of happiness. For it is once more the twenty-fifth of July, 1554, and Mary has come very early in the morning to beg her great Patroness to pray for a blessing on her marriage with Philip of Spain.

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And now in the nave all is astir. Crowds have gathered from all parts of Europe to be present at the royal wedding. The church is richly

hung with arras and cloth of gold, festooned with brilliant draperies and gay with the dresses of lords and ladies. A raised platform covered with red cloth has been set up all along the centre of the nave, rising in height as it approaches the Rood Screen, and broadening out on each side so as to form a stage. On either hand is set a canopied chair draped with cloth of gold, in one of which, surrounded by Spanish nobles, Philip is seated waiting for his bride.

For some days it has seemed as though Saint Swithun did not approve of the marriage, for he has been sending violent storms of wind and rain, so that the Prince, on his ride from Southampton, had to cover his black velvet suit with a heavy red cloth cloak. He has been put up at the Deanery, the ancient house with the triple-arched entrance we all know, and Queen Mary has taken possession of the Bishop's palace. I suppose the weather must have cleared during the night, for we are told that Mary walked from the palace to the Cathedral, her cousin, the Lady Margaret Clifford, bearing her train of cloth of gold, bordered with large pearls and diamonds. Her robe of rich brocade on a golden ground must have been very magnificent, and also her coif with its two rows of large diamonds. Beneath all this splendour was her white satin wedding dress embroidered with silver, and she

wore little red shoes, while on her bosom glittered the magnificent diamond which was the Prince's wedding gift.

And now the music sounds louder, and up the raised pathway comes the woman about whom such contrary opinions have been held. Perhaps it is the cloth of gold she is wearing, but for myself I seem to see her again as a baby child in a dress of the same rich material, a cap of black velvet covered with precious stones on her fair little head, standing with her adoring father and mother while she is betrothed to the Dauphin of France. Poor little girl, that marriage never came off. And now she is a woman of thirty-eight, with her youth behind her, her beauty which set all Europe in a flame, faded, about to be married to another king's son eleven years her junior. And the trumpets are sounding, and Philip is rising from his seat, while Mary comes slowly up the raised pathway, the sword of state borne before her by the Earl of Derby.

Then out from the choir comes Bishop Gardiner, the Lord Chancellor, and many other bishops and clergy, and the banns are bidden in English and Latin, that all may hear and understand, and so the marriage is solemnized, the nuptial blessing pronounced, the Lady Margaret slips Philip's three handfuls of gold and silver into the Queen's bag, a plain gold ring is placed on

the bride's finger so that according to her wish she is married "as maidens were in the olden time." And after they have heard Mass in the choir, and Philip has given the Bishop and the Queen the kiss of peace, they return hand in hand by the way they have come, the music sounding from the beautiful Minstrels' Gallery, from which the carven figures of the musicians look down derisively on the elderly bride and her young husband, and so to the hall of the Bishop's palace, where the wedding feast has been spread.

I have no space to tell of this wedding feast, or of the dancing which followed, when Philip and his followers "were put out of countenance by seeing my Lord Braye and others so far exceed them." For the organ has ceased and I am just rising to turn my steps westward, when the Verger, to whom I owed so much for his kindness and help during my stay at Winchester, entered with his keys.

"Why, it's gone six," said he. "I wonder I didn't lock you in among the ghosts. Been dreaming about Queen Mary? She was married in this chapel, you know."

"I have been thinking about that story of Dr Milner's," said I, "but I'm inclined to agree with Miss Strickland, who says they were married in the nave and before the High Altar."

"Ah, but they say she's not reliable."

“ Well, then, what about Dean Kitchin, and Rosso, and the Wriothsesley Chronicle, and the rest ? ”

There was a pause.

“ Come along,” said he. “ It’s time to be going.”

V

SALISBURY

WE had been staying at Winchester in a tall old house in Saint Peter's Street, and one morning when the sun was shining gaily, and the girls of the High School opposite, whose garden we looked down into, were playing on the green lawn, we suddenly made up our minds to run over to Salisbury. The distance was nothing, twenty-five miles or so, but there is scarcely a level yard all the way, particularly if, as we did, you go by Stockbridge.

We had scarcely climbed out of the Valley of the Itchen, when the heavy clouds which had for many days been lying on the horizon arose sullenly, and the wind awoke, till, reaching a summit, we were caught by a storm of sleet and hail, which almost put an end to our further progress. What a drive that was for a May morning! What must it have been like in winter when the monks of Old Sarum came toiling back from visiting the distant farms or villages? At about five miles from Salisbury, where the road reaches its highest point, and on a fine day the view over the landscape makes

one think of the Plains of Heaven, we met the full fury of the gale, and it took all my husband's strength to induce our car to keep a straight course. . . .

Suddenly, in the distance, a valley, and on its further side, on the skyline of the hills, a flat-topped mound or rising . . . Old Sarum, the site of the first Cathedral of Salisbury!

We entered Old Sarum through the Castle Inn, whence a pathway leads direct to the eastern entrance of the fortifications, which, as one approaches, are very impressive. There is an outer embankment, then a deep ditch, and we come to the main rampart towering above to a height of fifty feet or more.

Through a gap in the defending wall, where once stood the eastern gate, and above it the Church of the Holy Cross, we pass into what was the town, and see directly fronting us the imposing mass of the Citadel. Here we find a little cabin, the only actual dwelling-place remaining of that fortress which, under the Earls of Salisbury, played so important a part during the Middle Ages. The wind, which had sunk a little, now rose again to a tempest, and the rain and hail lashed our faces, so that we were glad enough to accept the invitation of the guardian, and sit by his stove while he fried his midday chop, and told us about the excavations. He had an old dog with him, more like one of the

gargoyles from the long vanished cathedral than anything canine. And we bought a little book which spoke of the prehistoric days of Sarum, and of the coming of the Romans with their roads to Silchester, Winchester, Dorchester, and the rest.

It seems that it was King Alfred who thought it worth while to have the old ruined fortifications of Sarum repaired, and King Edgar actually held a Parliament here, while in 1002 the savage Sweyn and his Danes sacked and burned the town after his usual manner. On taking possession of the country, however, the castle-building Normans decided to raise once again the fortifications, and added to the height of the ancient earthworks, supplementing them by a curtain wall twelve feet thick, and constructing the inner citadel with its Ring Motte and the buildings within it.

As for the Cathedral, it occupied the north-west corner of the outer enclosure, and must have been a great place in its day. It was Bishop Herman who, in 1075, began this Cathedral of Sarum, and Bishop Osmund who finished it, and it was, of course, built after the manner of the time, in the Norman style, with semi-circular apses at the eastern end.

Bishop Osmund, or Saint Osmund as he was called later, was a Norman Earl. In his younger days he had accompanied William the Conqueror to England, and in return for his many services,

had been created Earl of Dorset and Lord Chancellor. On his succession to the See of Sarum his first care was to finish the Cathedral, which he dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and furnished abundantly, "not only with all proper ornaments, but more especially with a set of learned ecclesiastics whom he invited from all parts, so that the Canons of Salisbury were the most esteemed in all the Kingdom for their learning and piety." But Saint Osmund's most celebrated work was his compilation of the *Consuetudinarium*, or Use of Sarum, which later became the model Service Book for the South of England, and is used in some churches even at the present day.

Now William the Conqueror had put the town of Sarum under the charge of the Bishops, and as long as they ruled it all went well. But unhappily the successor of Saint Osmund, one Roger, of whom we shall hear later, quarrelled with King Stephen, and a lay Governor was appointed over Sarum. From that time peace was at an end.

At best the town was in a most inconvenient situation, as Camden quaintly says :—

"No water there, but chalk ye have at will !

The winds there sound, but nightingales are still !"

And this was not all. The storms were bad enough, so violent that the priest could not

be heard at Mass. But since the Cathedral and Bishop's Palace had been placed under a lay governor, the life of the monks had become intolerable. At last there came a day, when, after a solemn procession lasting some hours, they found themselves shut out from their precincts, and obliged to spend a long winter night without shelter in the open country, and if you have been to old Sarum you can imagine what that would mean! As a Canon of Sarum, Peter of Blois, wrote :—

“ A place that was ! open to the winds, barren, dry and desert. In it stood a tower like that of Siloam, which oppressed the townsmen with the burden of long servitude. . . . The Church of Sarisburie was captive on that hill, let us, therefore, in God's name go down to the plain country, where the valleys will yield store of wheat and other corn, where also the large fields are rich fat in pasture.” And so the question of removal began to be talked of in earnest.

It was Bishop Richard Poore who at last carried out the great scheme, the site of the new church being revealed by the Virgin herself, who appeared to him in a dream and told him of her favourite spot. Later writers declare that the flight of an arrow settled the question, but that story probably dates from after the Reformation, when men had ceased to believe that Our Blessed Lady interested herself in

the affairs of men. However, in any case it was a pleasant spot, that Meadow of Merryfield where the Avon, the Bourne, and the Willy unite. No lack of water there, nor of fish for Fridays! And as to nightingales, the only fear would be that they might keep one awake with their singing. And so, on a beautiful April day, in the year 1220, the foundation stones of the new church were laid. The first was for Pope Honorius who had given leave for the removal, the second for the Archbishop, Stephen Langton, the third for Bishop Poore himself, the fourth was laid by William Longspear, Earl of Salisbury, who still had his castle at Sarum, and the fifth by Ela his wife, from whom he took his title. And many were the gifts presented on that day, while some bound themselves to contribute yearly toward the building, for everyone was glad to help found that most stately and beautiful Minster. But Bishop Poore did not live to see it completed, for it took forty years to build, and when finished, it was the admiration of all beholders, for as Camden says :—

“How many days in one whole year there beene,
 So many windows in one church (men say) are to be seen,
 So many pillars cast by art, of marble there appear,
 As hours do flit and fly away throughout the running
 year,
 So many gates do entry give, as months one year do make,
 A thing well known for truth, though most it for a wonder
 take.”

We will enter the Close from the north, passing beneath the ancient gate which leads in from the High Street. There can be nothing more beautiful and reposeful in the whole world than this Close. Once beheld the picture of it never fades from the memory.

Imagine a vast extent of velvet lawn, on the borders of which, among exquisite gardens, lie the peaceful homes of the clergy; and in the midst that architectural wonder, of which the great Pugin declared he had never seen the like. Grey it is, but softened with age, and tinted by the lichen that has spread over it during the seven centuries that have passed since its foundation, so that it seems to rise from the green sward like a flower from its leaves, perfect, matchless, "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever."

After admiring the west end with its rich sculptures and statues of Bishop Poore and William Longspear, we enter the vast north porch where, in olden times, weddings were celebrated, and the early portion of baptismal rites performed. Then, passing a swing door, we enter the nave.

Now the interior of the Church of Salisbury is very difficult to write about. It is not, as our other cathedrals, the growth of centuries, one portion rebuilt as its predecessor fell into ruin, a chapel added here, a porch thrown out there, the whole telling its story to anyone who

has time and patience to study its architecture, and dream about the different centuries which have given it birth. Salisbury sprang forth perfect from the brain of one man, William Poore, like Athena from the head of Zeus. Its uniformity is its beauty, it reminds one of the face of Maud: "Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null."

But this is not the fault of the original builders, as we shall see. For there were tombs of the ancient bishops and earls, and chantries, and magnificent memorial glass, the latter being an especially valuable and exquisite feature in a building with "as many windows as there are days in the year." All these, especially the tombs, had stories to tell. For as one wandered from grave to grave one thought of the great dead who lay below, and the history of the Cathedral began to live again. But the so-called "improvements" of the vandal Wyatt, carried out some century and a quarter ago, put an end to all this, turning the beautiful Temple of God into a museum of sculpture. The jewelled glass he removed, and mostly destroyed, so that the stone which once glowed like a rainbow when the sun shone in through the windows, is now cold and grey. Between the nave columns runs a plinth about the height of a seat, and on this are arranged the effigies removed from the destroyed tombs and chantries.

Here, just within the north porch, is that curious and celebrated little image of a Boy Bishop, about which so many stories have been told. The little fellow this stone once covered must have died between Saint Nicholas' and Holy Innocents' Days, the duration of his rule, or he would not have been represented in cope and mitre. But there is no inscription to tell us his name, and the stone looks as if it had been levelled, or perhaps worn by the feet of generations of people who occupied the seat beneath which it was discovered.

I picked up at Exeter the other day a curious old book giving an account of the "Boy Bishop."

Saint Nicholas has, of course, always been the Patron of Children, which is why his image is seen on ancient fonts. Even in these days I suppose my readers will remember the story of his restoring to life the three little boys, who had been cut up and salted by the wicked innkeeper, who intended to sell them for pickled pork. The Salisbury Missal of 1534 contains a prayer for the Saint's intercession, accompanied by a curious old woodcut representing the three children, rising up out of the pickling tub at the call of the Bishop, while the innkeeper at a table above is chopping up a human leg. Well, it was on Saint Nicholas' Day that the choir boys of Salisbury, and of many other cathedrals, chose one of their number to fill

the office of the Boy Bishop. As Bishop Hall says: "What merry work it was in the days of our holy fathers, that from Saint Nicholas' to Holy Innocents' Day children were wont to be arrayed in chimers, rochets, surplices, to counterfeit bishops and priests." The Boy Bishop was elected by his fellow choir boys for his good character and handsome appearance, and with him were chosen two other children to act as deacons. In the year 1299 Edward I., being on his way to Scotland, heard one of these boy bishops and his deacons sing vespers at Heton, near Newcastle.

After his election the small ecclesiastic, in full Episcopal vestments, with mitre and crosier, accompanied by his deacon and sub-deacon, and the other choir boys, would repair to the Cathedral and take possession, just as if he were a real bishop, performing all the services of the church except the Mass. In an old book preserved at Salisbury, there is an account of an actual procession of this kind held on the Eve of Holy Innocents by the Boy Bishop and his young clergy,

As we look down at the small stone effigy we wonder what the little fellow died of. They say that the children took the matter so seriously, and fasted so rigorously, that their parents were sometimes obliged to force them to take food for fear that they might injure their health.

But of this boy we know not even his name, or the place of his burial. Only his stone coffin lid lies there reminding us of a curious custom which has long since passed away.

Another stone which reminds us of the past is that of Bishop Roger of Old Sarum, the Chancellor of Henry I. The King had discovered him, a poor parish priest near Caen, and was so struck by his ability that he made him steward of his household, and later Bishop of Sarum and Chancellor of England. At first Roger was unwilling to undertake the heavy work and responsibility of the latter post, but was over persuaded by the King and Archbishop Anselm, and during the remainder of that reign Roger might almost be said to have been, like Joseph of old, the chief ruler of the kingdom. At the same time he by no means neglected his bishopric, but, as William of Malmesbury says, "daily diligently transacted his duties in the morning, that he might be ready and undisturbed for other business later." Like most of these early bishops he was a great builder, both of castles, and especially of churches, so that, as the same old chronicler observes, "he had just cause to say, 'Lord, I have loved the glory of Thy house.'"

Between the south choir aisle and the eastern aisle of the south-eastern transept is a very beautiful chantry and effigy covered with sculp-

ture which for a wonder seems to have escaped the hands of Wyatt. It is the tomb of Bishop Bridport, and the sculptures on it are supposed to represent scenes from his life.

But for most of us the monument which sets our memory working is that of William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury. As we stand looking down at his noble form in its chain armour, his long sword on his thigh, and his great shield with its six lions, our thoughts turn to the story of his mother, Fair Rosamund, daughter of Baron Walter de Clifford, and her childhood's friendship with Henry II. Was she, as some have thought, his real wife, set aside and concealed that Henry might make a great political match with Eleanor of Aquitaine? In any case this William and his brother were the only ones of the King's children who remained faithful to their father, Geoffrey alone of all the world being with him at Chinon and tending him on his sorrowful and lonely deathbed.

As for William, for a long time he refused to desert even his half brother, the despicable John, and took a very active part in the wars of that unhappy reign. Matthew Paris tells us one of his stories of the three months this William spent passing from La Rochelle to England, of a great storm, and a miraculous candle of unearthly brilliancy fixed to the mast of his ship, and guarded from the wind and

rain by a young maiden, who was none other than the Blessed Virgin come down to succour this her favourite knight, and lead him to a port of safety. For a day or two he and his crew are sheltered at an abbey on the Island of Rhé, but are driven thence by a French patrol, and forced to set out once more on their tempestuous voyage. After three months tossing about, he lands on Christmas Day in Cornwall, to find that someone of low birth has been trying to marry his wife during his absence. And then we hear of a patched-up quarrel, and an invitation from his enemy to a banquet, and very shortly after he dies at his castle at Sarum, "not without suspicion of having been poisoned," says the old writer. And so having made a three days' confession to his bishop, and received Holy Communion, he passes away from our sight. And as they carried his body from his castle on the hill down to the new Cathedral in the valley, the wind blew, and the rain fell, but the great funeral candles round the bier only shone the brighter, proving, as the old monk says, "that the Count, so sincerely penitent, was already among the Sons of Light." And over him they placed this epitaph: "The noble William, flower of Counts, of royal race, is dead. His long sword is for the future sheathed in a short scabbard."

The son of this William, also called Longsword,

was as gallant as his father, and fought by the side of Saint Louis at Damietta. The magnificent though terrible story of his death is told by the same historian who wrote the account of the first William. The Christians were being worsted, and the Earl, alone in the midst of the wild and shrieking mob, was still "sending the souls of many to hell!" when his horse gave way, and, overwhelmed by showers of stones, this grandson of Henry and Fair Rosamund "breathed forth his spirit to receive the crown of martyrdom." On account of his marvellous bravery his bones were buried by the enemy, but later, as they evinced an uncomfortable way of rising up from his tomb on dark nights, were handed over to the English, who laid them in the Church of the Holy Cross at Acre.

Another story one hears at Salisbury is of a certain Lord Stourton, whose curious monument, with three large holes on either side, you will find in the south aisle of the nave. Above it formerly hung a noose, for this young nobleman was hanged in the market-place of Salisbury for the brutal murder of his land agents, father and son.

But even when all has been said the interior of this Cathedral is unsatisfying. The multitudes of black pillars arranged against the grey walls give the church an appearance of mourning for its past beauty and splendour. Before the

reredos was removed from behind the High Altar and the beautiful screen from the entrance to the Lady Chapel, there may still have lingered some of that mystery which even in these days haunts the more sacred portions of our ancient Cathedrals. One never passes the grille at either Winchester or Chichester, but a sentiment very like awe comes over one at the thought that one is trespassing in what was for hundreds of years the Holy of Holies. But at Salisbury all that feeling has been swept away and we are left to stroll about as freely and unconcernedly as though we were in some splendid but rather empty museum. True, just behind the present reredos we pause, for there, on the low platform, lies one of the old altar stones with its consecration crosses; perhaps, who knows, the very altar from Old Sarum upon which Saint Osmund offered the Holy Sacrifice. But there is no one to enquire of, and so we pass out to the exquisite cloister.

Here we have once more that charm of colour we noticed in the exterior of the building, the delicate grey of the lace-like windows springing from the green velvet of the garth, and here and there, in striking contrast, the deep shade of a dusky cedar. And so we enter the octagonal Chapter House with its central column of black clustered pillars, and the eight great windows filling its walls above, and below, the stone

seats of the prebendaries and the bishop. But the wonder of the place is a series of sculptures above these seats, scenes from the Old Testament, exquisite little stone pictures as fine as ivory carvings, showing Adam and Eve eating the forbidden fruit, or hiding themselves behind a bush in the Garden, or again, Adam digging, while Eve sits by nursing a baby Cain. And there is Lot's wife turned into a pillar of salt, and a kid having its throat cut in order to stain Joseph's garment. . . .

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The storm of the morning has long since blown itself out, and the sun shines down from the great windows, and birds are singing outside in the green of the cloister, and we . . . what are we waiting for? Is it the coming of Bishop Lionel Woodville, the brother of Elizabeth Woodville, and brother-in-law of that "deep revolving witty Buckingham" who was beheaded in the market-place of this old city of Salisbury? Or, if we listen, shall we hear the footsteps of John Jewel, or of Bishop Burnet?

Well, I should not know what to say to them if they came. So we will go out once more into the Close, and sit under one of the great trees in the north-east corner, and study that most matchless view of the vast building. Here all is beauty, there is no flaw. From the moment it emerges from the earth it draws one's gaze upward, upward past the buttresses, the windows,

the roof, till it rests upon that greatest miracle of all, the spire pointing upward like a tapering finger to the blue sky above. There is no change here. No Wyatt was let loose to work his wicked will on the exterior of Salisbury, and we see it much as it was in the days of old.

VI

EXETER

“SCITUATE on the eastward banke of the river Ex, upon a little hill,” as Camden says, lies the city of Exeter, an ancient place even in Saxon times, since we hear of King Athelstan expelling the British from the city, and driving them beyond the Tamar, after which he built a rampart, and wall of squared stones, and other bulwarks of defence, perhaps also founding, on the summit of the slope, that great and strong Castle of Rougemont, at one time the seat of the West Saxon kings, and later of the Earls of Cornwall. King Athelstan also built at Exeter, or Isca-cæstre, a church in honour of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, “replenishing it with a monastery of Benedictine monks.”

But nearly two centuries before Athelstan's foundation, there is said to have been a religious house at Exeter, at which Winfred or Crediton, afterwards the renowned Saint Boniface of Germany, received his education. His name is one of the first associated with Exeter, and a very holy and great name it is, the name of an apostle and a martyr, for at the end of his



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long life of devotion to the wild tribes of Germany, he and fifty-two of his fellow-missionaries were martyred at a place called Dockum, on the banks of the river Borna in the land of the Frisians.

It was not until 1050 that Exeter became a Bishopric. Before that time the Bishop's Stool was at Crediton, the last prelate of that town being Livingus, originally a monk of Winchester, and the friend and companion of King Cnut, with whom he went on a pilgrimage to Rome. This Livingus was a wonderful preacher, being known as the *words-notera* or eloquent bishop, and was of great service to his king in persuading the nation of the Saxons to submit to the Danish rule. But he was a proud and ambitious man, very different from the gentle and holy Leofric who succeeded him. Bishop Leofric was the friend and counsellor of Edward the Confessor who, with his Queen the Saxon Edith, supported him, one on either side, to his Episcopal throne on the day of his ordination. It was under Leofric's rule that the Bishopric was removed to Exeter, probably because of those strong battlements which Athelstan had set up around the city, and which were rendered very necessary in the unsettled state of the country. All through the Norman Conquest, when other Saxon bishops were deposed, the peace-loving old man Leofric remained undisturbed, till, in 1107 he died and

was buried in the crypt of his church, where for all I know his body still reposes.

But come, let us visit this Cathedral of Devonshire, and before we enter notice the two huge and massive towers, the lower parts of which now form the north and south transepts of the building. These towers, and probably much of the original Cathedral, were erected by Bishop Warelwast, the nephew of William the Conqueror. They form a very unusual feature of a cathedral, standing as they do half-way down its length, and there are some who think that the original church only reached as far as their west walls, so that if so they then formed part of the western façade.

However that may be, Bishop Quivil, who lies buried in the Lady Chapel, removed the wall separating the lower portion of each from the church, and so formed them into transepts, which they still remain.

As at Wells, the west front of Exeter Cathedral is a kind of screen, pierced by three doorways, and richly ornamented with three rows of statues. There we see kings, princes, great men of the Old and New Testaments, and above, King Athelstan, the founder, and Saint Edward the Confessor. On the right of the central doorway, built in the thickness of the wall, is the little Chapel of Saint Radegonde, the sixth wife of the Merovingian King, Clotaire. And here, until

the days of Elizabeth, rested the bones of the great Bishop Grandisson, descendant of the Dukes of Burgundy, and the nuncio of Pope John XXII. to all the greatest courts of Europe. Twice he had the honour of receiving the Black Prince at Exeter, once when he returned victorious from France bringing with him, as prisoner, the French King, and the second time, when the Prince was dying.

It was this great Bishop Grandisson who built the nave and the lovely screen within which he was buried. But his bones have long since been cast to the winds, and nothing earthly remains of him save the beautiful additions he made to his Cathedral.

As we walk up this nave we shall notice the wonderful carved supports of the vaulting pillars, and the superb Minstrels' Gallery, with its angels all playing different instruments. Some think that it was placed there at the time of the coming of the Black Prince, since two of the corbelled heads below represent a king and queen, supposed to be King Edward III. and his wife, Philippa of Hainault. On the south side of the nave is the tomb of Hugh Courtenay, second Earl of Devonshire, and of his wife Margaret, granddaughter of Edward I., and on the pavement the brass of their son Peter Courtenay, who served in France and Spain under the Black Prince. And when we reach

the choir, and pass in beneath the organ which disfigures the beautiful screen, we shall find tombs of old bishops lying in their ancient state: Bishop Marshall with his long nose and pastoral staff, and at his feet a weird little dragon with cat's ears; Bishop Lacy who died from trying to fast during the whole forty days of Lent, and who was so holy that his grave was once visited by pilgrims; and the beautiful Episcopal throne where Bishop Antony Sparrow used to sit with his wife and nine children below in a wooden pew. And after we have looked at the old choir stalls, with their grotesque misereres, and the ancient glass of the east window, where Saint Sidwell is represented with the scythe, with which she was martyred, and the Sacred Well which long bore her name, we shall go by way of the Retro Choir to the Lady Chapel, to find in the centre of the pavement the tomb of Bishop Quivil, the great artist who designed the Cathedral; and on the south side the splendid thirteenth-century monument of Bishop Simon of Apulia lying in his rich vestments; and just east of him the earlier effigy of Bishop Bartholemew of whom old Matthew Paris tells so quaint a story that I cannot resist repeating it.

As we look at the curious bearded face of the Bishop, and the fringe of hair escaping from beneath his mitre, we picture him once more journeying through his diocese, overtaken by

night, and obliged to sleep in a village where the only room which could be offered him was at the top of a house, overlooking the cemetery. Toward midnight, so goes the story, the Bishop awoke to say his night prayers, but found that the light, which was always kept burning beside his bed, had gone out. Calling his servant, he reproved him for allowing him to sleep in the dark, and sent him to fetch a light. Then, as he waited, from far below came voices, small thin voices, like the voices of children, crying and lamenting in the darkness: "Woe to us! woe to us! Who now will pray for us? who scatter alms for us? who celebrate masses for the repose of our souls?"

Now the Bishop was very much surprised, as well he might be, and perhaps, who knows, a little uneasy considering the prospect from his window. Moreover, he was alone, and in the pitchy darkness, for the servant, not having been able to obtain any fire in the house (the days of matches not having arrived) had gone into the village seeking what he required. There, at length, he saw a lighted window, and hastening thither, found a dead man laid out, and with him a priest, and a crowd of men and women, all weeping and tearing their hair. Taking no notice of them the servant lighted his lantern, and ran back to the Bishop, to whom he related what he had seen. After matins Bishop

Bartholemew sent for the priest, and some of the villagers, and enquired what manner of man this was who had just quitted the world.

"Oh," replied they, "he was a good man, one who feared God, a father to the orphans, a consoler of the afflicted, during his life he gave his gifts to the poor, and never refused hospitality to anyone. Moreover, in his house he kept a priest, to offer each day masses for the faithful departed."

Then the Bishop understood the meaning of the voices and lamentations he had heard, and appointed the priest, who had been accustomed to celebrate these masses, to continue his pious duty at one of the altars in the parish church.

Poor Bishop Bartholemew! He has no one in his Cathedral now to offer up prayers or masses for him. For more than seven centuries the little angels at his head have swung their stone censers, and the Bishop has held up his two fingers and thumb in benediction; no one takes any notice. Indeed I doubt if one out of a thousand of the visitors to the Cathedral have ever heard his name, for he was but a peasant's son, educated by the Cistercian monks of Ford, and only chosen as Bishop of Exeter because of his great learning and holy life. It was he who, a year after the murder of St Thomas of Canterbury, assisted at the re-consecration of the Cathedral and preached the sermon on that

occasion. For all the preceding twelve months no mass had been celebrated, the pavement had been removed, the walls stripped of their ornaments, the bells left silent, while the clergy had remained clothed in sackcloth and covered with ashes. Now, on the feast day of Saint Thomas the Apostle, the bishops had assembled to reorganize the Cathedral, and it was, as I say, Bartholemew, Bishop of Exeter, who at the Mass commenced his sermon with these words: "After the multitude of sorrows which are in my heart, your consolations have rejoiced my soul."

Another Bishop of Exeter whom we must remember is Miles Coverdale, once a Canon of Saint Augustine, better known as a translator of the Bible and a zealous preacher. And there is Bishop Seth Ward, who removed the terrible brick screen which during the rebellion was built up, dividing the church into two portions, East Peter's for the use of the Presbyterians, and West Peter's for that of the Independents.

But for me one of the most interesting objects in the Cathedral is the old font, for in it was baptized the little daughter of Charles I., born at Bedford House, Exeter, on 16th June 1644. As we look at the old marble basin, our thoughts fly back to that summer month, and to the unhappy Queen obliged to rise from her sick bed only a few days after the birth of her baby, and make her escape to France. The tiny girl

was left with Lady Morton in Exeter, where her father, a few days later, having fought his way into the city, found her and took her to the Cathedral, where she was baptized Henriette Anne; the second name being no doubt given her after her aunt, Anne of Austria, without whose generous help Queen Henrietta's fate would have even been more disastrous than it was. Later, the baby Henriette was taken by Lady Morton to France, and finally, as we know, married to the Duke of Orleans, the despicable brother of Louis XII.

These old cathedrals are full of such odds and ends of history. Every corner has its story, if only one has time in these days of rushing and excitement to listen to them. Even the sculptured pulpit, modern as it is, reminds us of a hero, Bishop Patteson, martyred almost in our own days by the savages he was trying to convert, just as, more than a thousand years earlier that other hero of Exeter, Boniface, perished at the hands of the wild tribes of Frisia.

Before leaving Exeter, it may be interesting to some persons who, like myself, are fond of old customs to remember the great ceremony of the Lammas Fair, which was held here, and elsewhere, every first of August. This fair, properly called the Lamb's Mass, took its name from a mass offered on the day of Saint Peter

ad Vincula, to beg the great Saint's intercession for the newly shorn lambs, Saint Peter being regarded as their special patron on account of those words which our Lord addressed to him, "Feed my Lambs."

Now the Cathedral of Exeter was as we know dedicated to Saint Peter, and it was therefore not unreasonable for the simple farmers of those days, believing as they did in the literal meaning of those gospel words, to bring their lambs to be blessed at the door of his Church. These beautiful old customs, with the childlike faith which prompted them, have long since passed away from England. But still in some parts of Brittany dumb animals are brought to be blessed by their patron saint, horses to Saint Gildas, farm beasts to Saint Nicholas and Saint Cornély.

Here at Exeter, with the Reformation, the religious ceremony degenerated into a fair, the charter for which was perpetuated by a huge glove carried through the city on a long pole, decked with ribbons, and accompanied by music and much ceremony. Finally it was fixed up on the top of the Guild Hall as a sign that the fair might commence.

VII

WELLS

“THERE are places in the world so beautiful, so happy, or so sacred, that to speak of them now without a certain reverent hesitation might seem impossible: of these Wells is one.” So says a modern writer, and proceeds to paint such a picture of the ancient Fontanensis Ecclesia that it is with trepidation a mere bird of passage like myself ventures to tell of its charm, and hint at its story.

I will try to recall the last time I saw Wells. We had with us the little son of a great Colonial Catholic, and had just been to Glastonbury, where he had heard the story of the coming of Joseph of Arimathæa with his eleven monks, and of the mysterious Holy Graal they bore with them; he had watched the planting of Saint Joseph’s staff, had seen it bud on Christmas Day, and had listened rapt and wondering to the rest of the charming legends which have gathered around that Isle of Avalon. Together we had watched Arthur rowed across the watery waste, and laid to rest in the little Chapel of Saint Joseph. We had pictured Dunstan at



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ork in his cell, and seen him catch the devil by the nose, and listened to Satan's roars of pain as he fled away down Beere Lane. We had stood in the ruins of the Abbey Church and talked of Savaricus, Bishop of Bath and Wells, and his attempt to bring the ancient abbey under his rule. How he arrived at Glastonbury on Whitsunday with an armed company, broke open the doors of the abbey and church, seized the sacred vestments, and enthroned himself as abbot, chasing away all dissentient monks with swords and sticks.

We had even climbed the Tor, following in the wake of Richard Whyting's hurdle, and had told the boy of that awful 15th of November, when the good old abbot and his two monks were butchered on this very spot, for no fault save that they refused to acknowledge the king as head of the Church, and deliver over to him the riches which the faithful throughout the ages had placed in charge of the abbots of Glastonbury for the service of God.

I think the boy must have lost himself in the misty past through which we had been guiding him, for later, as we entered the nave of Wells Cathedral, he stopped, evidently staggered by its beauty, and looked for the holy water stoup. When I explained that it was not now a Catholic Church: "Then why don't we buy it back?" said he. "Oh, I shall tell my father we ought to

get it back. It was built on purpose. I should think the Catholics who built it wouldn't like to see it Protestant. It doesn't seem fair, does it?"

Then as we made our way round the building we pictured together, half aloud, the great processions of the past, the splendid voices of the singing canons, the lights, the vestments, the incense, the Blessed Sacrament carried under its canopy of white and gold. And we saw once again the beautiful chapels each with its altar, and the rich tapestries and paintings, and above the screen, instead of the organ, the towering symbol of our faith. The boy had spoken truly, certainly the old Catholics who built the Cathedral would not like to see it as it is to-day!

Let us, however, commence our survey with that most marvellous feature, about which such different opinions have been expressed, the west front. Old Camden in his quaint way thus describes it:—

"It ariseth up still from the foot to the top all of imagerie in curious and antike wise, wrought of stone carved and embowed right artificially," and Fuller, after speaking of it in much the same way, adds: "England affordeth not the like."

Indeed we should have to go far, even on the Continent, to find anything to compare with

the west front of Wells Cathedral. Many great architects have found fault with it, and it is not for me who am neither scholar nor architect to say whether they are right or wrong. But as a great symbolical picture, as an expression of the beliefs and aspirations of those great and simple-minded men who built our Cathedrals, this marvellous piece of work surely stands unrivalled.

The statues with which it was formerly entirely covered stand tier above tier, leading the thoughts upward to where Our Lord, His hands and feet marked with the print of the nails, once sat in glory. And below Him stand His followers, those who for the most part came out of great tribulation, and now form His court in Heaven. There are, or were, for most of the lowest tier of statues are gone, the saints of God, martyrs, virgins, priests, confessors. Higher we see the heroes of the old and new dispensations: Adam tilling the ground, Noah building his ark, the meeting of Isaac and Rebecca, and, further along, the Nativity, Our Lord among the elders, the Sermon on the Mount, all the story of the Cross, and over the central doorway the coronation of the Virgin. Raising our eyes still higher we come upon kings, queens, great churchmen of England: Ina, founder of the first church at Wells; Assar, the bishop historian of King Alfred; Egbert, first king of all England; Cnut,

Queen Emma, Robert Courthose, they are all there, the men and women of whom we have been thinking as we strayed through our Southern Cathedrals.

Above these are scenes representing the general resurrection, strange startling pictures, the lids of tombs being pushed up, dead men awakening from centuries of slumber, still half dazed and waiting for the final call to judgment. They are naked, as befits souls, but wear their crowns or mitres to distinguish them. Mounting still we come upon nine great angels, representing, as some have thought, the nine great orders of the Heavenly Court, who stand just below the twelve apostles, while on the summit of all, in an exquisite tabernacle, there formerly sat Our Lord Himself. The whole reminds one, on a vaster scale, of those calvaries in Brittany, which, like this great and wonderful stone picture, were used during the sermons at the great festivals to illustrate the teaching of the Church, in the old days when few could read even if they possessed books. And below all this wonderful façade are the small doors which have been so much criticized, reminding one nevertheless, as they may have reminded Bishop Jocelin who conceived the design, how strait is the gate and narrow the way leading unto life.

But let us enter the Cathedral, not through this narrow door, but by the broad north porch,

perhaps the finest, as it certainly is the oldest, part of the existing church.

How magnificent it is, this work of Bishop Reginald. Among the exquisite foliage, which springs from the tops of the clustered columns, one may read in stone the story of the martyrdom of King Edmund. There he stands bound to the tree, transfixd with arrows, while on either side Danish soldiers are drawing their bows afresh. In days of old, when so much took place in the Porch, how often have men read here the story of the saintly young King. He is almost forgotten now, save at Hoxne, the scene of his martyrdom, where a few old people still relate the story of his death to any who will pause to listen. How he had been conquered by the Danes at Thetford, and was flying to his castle at Framlingham, when the Danish chiefs Hingwar and Hubba discovered him hiding beneath the little bridge which spans the river at Hoxne. He was offered his life if he would renounce his faith, and on his refusal was bound to the trunk of a tree, which is still shown, and transfixd with arrows. Then as he was not dead, he was beheaded.

His body was quickly discovered by the handful of Christians left in the neighbourhood: but the head which had been cast away by the executioner was missing, till one day someone heard coming from the depths of the forest a

voice crying, "Here! Here!" And lo, as they came to the place, a great wolf, and in her paws the missing head. So with prayers and hymns of thanksgiving they carried it to Hoxne, and buried it with the sacred body, the wolf following and watching, and when all was done, trotting back quietly to her home in the forest. Later, as we know, the Saint was removed to Bury St Edmunds, where a great abbey arose over his shrine.

As we enter the nave of the Cathedral, and stand looking up toward the east end, a strange sight meets our eyes, two vast arches, the upper inverted and resting upon the lower, stretch from pier to pier forming a great Saint Andrew's cross, the emblem of the Cathedral. The view through the lower arch is blocked by the choir screen and organ; but through the upper can be seen the exquisite groined roof of the east end, lighted by the rich colouring of the great stained window. These inverted arches (and we must remember that there are really three pairs, the others supporting the piers of the north and south tower arches) produce a very curious effect, and one which remains in one's memory long after the more beautiful features of the Cathedral have faded away. Their purpose is to stiffen the piers at the intersection, to enable them to bear the enormous weight of the central tower. But they are so peculiar, so startling,

that to many they spoil the otherwise perfect beauty of the Cathedral.

As we walk up the nave we notice the richly sculptured capitals of the pillars. Indeed at Wells, it seems as though an army of sculptors must have spent their lives in decorating and beautifying every corner. And what a humorous set they must have been! Look at this fox stealing a goose, and the man with the stick who runs after him; or the bird with a frog in its beak; or indeed all these quaint beasts and monsters. Did they dream them, the old artists, or are they remembrances of stories heard in their childhood, legends which have long passed away?

And there are the chantries, the little chapels such as these of Bishop Bubwith and Hugh Sugar, built and endowed, so that for all time prayers might be offered up in them for the repose of the souls of the founders. How would they like to see them used as they are? And there is the stone pulpit of Bishop Knight with its inscription, "Preache thou the word, be fervent in season and out of season, reprove, rebuke, exhort."

Near the west end of the south choir aisle, on the north side, is a low slab of Purbeck marble, and on it the figure of a bishop. It is the tomb of William Button or Saint William Bytton who died in 1274 and quickly became renowned

as a curer of toothache. The age of dentists had not then arrived, and persons afflicted with the complaint came from all parts of the county to pray at the tomb of the bishop; just as, in Brittany, we still see the peasants resorting to the shrines of saints renowned for the treatment of certain complaints. The offerings of grateful patients to Saint William Bytton's tomb were so numerous that they helped largely toward the completion of the Cathedral, and it is interesting to find in the sculptured capitals of the transepts frequent representations of persons suffering from toothache. Were they portraits, I wonder, of some of those whose visits had been successful?

Our little friend was immensely pleased with these stone pictures, and still more so when the Verger told us how, when in 1848 the Bishop's tomb was opened, his skeleton was found in perfect preservation, the teeth especially being complete, without a sign of decay.

"I expect he was known for his fine teeth when he was alive," said the boy shrewdly, "and that was why people came to ask his help with theirs when they went wrong."

"Or," said I, "do you think he left behind some prescriptions for the treatment of teeth?"

"Anyhow," said the boy, "when I get toothache next time I shall come to Wells to have

it cured. It'll be much nicer than going to the dentist."

One would like to wander about Wells for days, visiting the quaint old Vicar's Close, with its fine gateway, or walking in the beautiful gardens of the palace, where still rise the fountains that gave Wells its name, and dreaming of good Bishop Ken composing his morning and evening hymns as he walked up and down the terrace. And in the Cathedral how much more time we need. There is the Norman, perhaps even Saxon font; the beautiful painted tomb of Bishop Marchia; Dean Husee's curious monument; the Easter Sepulchre; the great clock from Glastonbury; the choir with its ancient sculptured misereres; and the tomb of the founder, Bishop Jocelin, lying in the midst. And there is the exquisite octagonal Chapter House, and the staircase leading to both it and to the Vicar's Close.

But perhaps most beautiful of all is the Lady Chapel, with the Retro-choir forming a link between it and the main body of the Cathedral. A well-known writer has called this "the most beautiful east end to be found in England, a thing beyond criticism and praise, an immortal and perfect loveliness."

It was just as dawn was stealing through the windows of this heavenly temple, paling the candles upon the altar, and staining the fronds

of the great stone palms which meet and form the roof, that daily Mass was sung in the Lady Chapel at Wells. Some of the richest and most beautiful music composed in the years immediately preceding the Reformation was used at this Mass, for though in the Cathedral itself Plain Chant was the rule, for Our Lady all that was exquisite, delicate, and feminine, had place.

But these beautiful things have long since passed away, together with the symbolism and poetry of the ancient Church which gave them birth. The world is growing old and lazy. Even if the clergy held a musical service at dawn in the Lady Chapel would there be found any to assist? Yet perhaps, as our little friend suggested, if we were to hide in the pulpit or organ loft all night, and steal down just before day-break, we might find the ghosts of the old canons coming in from their houses in the Close, by way of the Chain Bridge and the stairway past the Chapter House; and perhaps the bishop would be there and the dean in their beautiful vestments, and we should follow the procession as it passed through the Retro-choir into the Lady Chapel, where the candles would be glowing upon the altar, and watch the faint rosy dawn enter by the great east window, and listen to the rich solemn voices of the canons as they sang once more the

Mass of Our Lady at daybreak in Wells Cathedral.

“Tell me,” said the boy wistfully, “do you think they ever will do it again? I should like to be there. What a difference it would make.”

VIII

GLOUCESTER

LONG, long ago, on the banks of the Severn, just where the ancient folk used to ford the stream by way of the Isle of Alney, the Romans built a fortress to guard themselves and their territory against the attacks of the savage people of the West. Very soon a city grew up around the Castle, the people of the open country being only too anxious to shelter themselves within the great outer walls; and so, by the second century, the frontier town of Gloucester lay crouched beside the Severn, like some giant watch dog, guarding Western England from the wild fierce tribes of Southern Wales. For the next hundred years or so stories of battles loom out now and again from the clouds which shroud the history of the ancient city, and there are legends, vague and uncertain, of that shadowy King Lucius, of whom Bede speaks, of his baptism at Gloucester, and of a church he built in which he was baptized. After this, we hear little of the city, till somewhere in the seventh or eighth century, Osric, the under King of Mercia, founded an abbey for monks and nuns beside



GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL,

SOUTH PORCH

Underwood

the river, and placed over it his own sister, the Lady Kyneburga. It is on the site of the church of this monastery that the Cathedral stands to-day.

Not that it became a Cathedral for many centuries after King Osric had been laid to rest in the church he had founded. To-day he lies in a "faire tombe of stone on the north syde of the high aulter," as Leyland tells us; and not so very many years ago the dean, wishing to know if the King's bones were yet there, opened the tomb, and saw them lying. As for the Abbess Kyneburga, she died a little later, and was succeeded by other ladies of royal race. But this abbey of nuns did not last long: during the wars between King Egbert and the King of Mercia the poor nuns came to a terrible end. Then in 823 another King of Mercia, Bernulph by name, finding the abbey in ruins re-built it, and peopled it with secular clergy who brought their wives and families with them, and lived much as the other townspeople did, earning for themselves a somewhat undesirable reputation, so that, two centuries later, Cnut "For yll lyvyng expelled the secular clerks, and . . . brought in monks." And thus we come to the time of the great fire, and the rebuilding of the abbey church by Abbot Aldred in the seventh year of the reign of King Edward the Confessor.

The years which followed were a golden age for Gloucester, which quickly became one of the three chief towns of England; the place where at the Christmas festival, the King wore his crown, and went in gorgeous state to assist at Mass at the great Church. And then Abbot Serlo built the nave which we see to-day.

This Serlo was a Norman, the friend of William the Conqueror and Archbishop Lanfranc, a very great and holy churchman, with an altogether different standard of life from that of most of the clergy who had preceded him at Gloucester. He found the abbey in a very poor condition, the community reduced to two old monks and eight young novices. But with such powerful and devoted friends as he possessed he was able to re-build his church, and re-people his monastery, so that it shortly became one of the most important Benedictine institutions of those days, and an immense blessing to the city in which it was situated. For Serlo came to Gloucester with all the ideals and traditions of Lanfranc's great school at Bec in Normandy, and we may be sure that his monastery was a very different place from what it had been before. The sick were tended, the poor relieved, the children taught, the services of the Church regularly performed, and all the while the monks were writing their chronicles of the past, and illuminating the splendid missals which we so

rise to-day, while quietly and ceaselessly the building went steadily forward. These huge pillars and round arches supporting the strangely small and mysterious looking triforium and clerestory are Abbot Serlo's work, the work of one whose truly Norman ideal was strength rather than elegance. Indeed as a modern writer has said, speaking of this nave of Gloucester, "It is not beautiful, but it is something more, it is awe-inspiring. It suggests power, endurance, devotion, dread of the unseen world, the fear of God rather than the love of God." No wonder that such architecture appealed to the Norman! It is the nave of Gloucester that, after years of absence, rises before the eye of memory as we try to call up a picture of the great Cathedral.

And it was up this nave, past these very pillars and arches, that they bore the body of Robert Courthose, Robin Shortboot as his father, William the Conqueror, had called him when he heard of the boy's attempt to seize Normandy.

"By the Resurrection of God," said he laughing, "this little Robin Shortboot will be a clever fellow."

Certainly he was a wild and restless fellow, now joining with the King of France against his father, now raising an insurrection against his brother Rufus, now setting out for the Holy Land to join the Crusade, now returning to claim the crown of England. It was a happy thing

for her that his beautiful young wife died when her first baby was born ! All her huge dowry intended to pay off the mortgage her husband had raised on his Duchy of Normandy, had been squandered in a few days on his worthless favourites. And then, at last, they caught and caged him. Henry Beauclerc was on the throne and having got possession of his brother, ordered his eyes to be put out with red hot irons, and so having rendered him helpless, cast him into prison for the rest of his life. For thirty years he lay there in the darkness, growing old and feeble in body, but no less restless and active in mind. Then one day he died, died of rage at some imagined slight put upon him by his brother, who had sent him a garment, which having been prepared for himself, had turned out too small to pass over Henry's large head.

" See, see my brother, this traitorous felon who supplanted me, me his elder, this coward this fine scholar who has stolen my inheritance who has cast me into prison, and who moreover has put out my eyes ; see how he despises and treats me as a beggar, see what he sends me as alms, as though I were some poor minor canon, old clothes, half made rags ! "

And then he began to sigh and to weep with his sightless eyes, and would neither eat nor drink, and his sorrow so gnawed at his soul that he died.

Perhaps Henry's heart smote him for his cruelty, for he had Robert buried with all state, and if one has any imagination, one can easily picture the funeral procession passing slowly up Abbot Berlo's new Norman nave, to disappear under the archway of the choir, where, before the High Altar, in a painted wooden mortuary chest, such as one sees to-day, or possibly beneath the pavement, they laid the bones of this unfortunate prince. And over him they placed his wooden effigy, representing him as he was in his youth, all in chain armour, and surcoat, a coronet upon his head, his right arm and right leg crossed that all might see and understand that he had served in the Crusade against the Infidels.

The choir of Gloucester is a very wonderful place, perhaps dating back to the days of Abbot Aldred and Edward the Confessor, though, as its walls have been "hidden behind a veil of perpendicular lace work" by Abbot Stanton, and the old vaulted roof raised and beautified exceedingly, it is difficult to tell its date. On entering, one's whole attention is at first taken up with the east end, which may almost be said to have no wall, being entirely closed in by the glory of an immense painted window. There, to the north of the altar steps, we shall find the tomb of King Osric, and close to it the exquisite monument of the murdered Edward II.

What a strange condition of things this tomb recalls. The story of the poor weak monarch is one of the saddest in our history. We see him at the bedside of his dying father, Edward I., swearing to do all manner of things he never meant to perform, such as having his father's bones collected and carried at the head of the army to terrify the Scotch; never to abandon the war till the northerners were thoroughly subdued; to banish his evil genius, Piers Gaveston. We meet him again squandering upon that unworthy favourite the wealth his father Edward had stored up for carrying on the war with Scotland. And there is his marriage with Isabella, the beautiful young sister of King Philip of France, and all the miserable unhappy story of their estrangement, and of the King's foolish infatuation for the De Spencers. It is a squalid unhappy tale, that leads to that most black of days when the foolish weak creature found himself alone and helpless in Berkeley Castle, in the hands of his enemies. No one knows all the story of the deed which followed; but it is said that his cries of agony were heard far away through the night, and the distorted lines of his face, when the body was exposed to view, showed plainly what agony he had suffered. For days no one dared to move him, and the monasteries of Bristol, Kingswood, and Malmesbury refused to allow the body to be

buried within their precincts, so great was the fear of offending the Queen and her lover Mortimer, who had ordered the murder. At last the Abbot of Gloucester arrived at the Castle, and with uplifted crosier, followed by his monks, entered the chamber where the dead King lay. Throwing a pall, emblazoned with his arms and those of the monastery, over the bier, he commanded his servants to take up the burden and convey it to his own carriage, which was waiting outside. They say, that no one daring to lend the Abbot horses for the return journey to Gloucester, he made use of some white stags which came and offered themselves for the purpose, and that is why we see round the capitals of the great piers which bound the tomb to east and west, paintings of white harts chained and collared.

So there they laid the poor King in the beautiful choir, just where he had wished to lie, for he loved the old city of Gloucester. And it was not long before the simple peasants, who came to visit his tomb, began to tell of miracles wrought by his intercession; so that, much to the wrath of the Queen and Mortimer, the King, who in life had been such a nonentity, after death became so renowned, that the gifts left by pilgrims to his tomb, during the reign of his son, would have been sufficient to pay for the rebuilding of the whole abbey.

There is so much to see at Gloucester, the ancient crypt with its disused chapels and remains of altars, where perhaps if we paid a visit just before dawn we might find that great historian, Robert of Gloucester, he who wrote the rhymed *Chronicle of Englonde*, offering his daily Mass. And there is the south porch with its statues of King Osric and Abbot Serlo; and above, Saint Peter, Saint Paul, and the four evangelists. And the whispering gallery mentioned by Camden, "built in form of a semi-circle, full of corners, with such an artificial device, that if a man speak with never so low a voice at one part thereof and another lay his ear to the other, being a good way distant, he may most easily hear every syllable." And the Lady Chapel with its walls of painted glass, and superb vaulted roof.

But the cloisters! Were there ever such cloisters as those of Gloucester? It was Thomas de Horton who began them, and Walter Froucester who completed them. But which of the great abbots was responsible for the wonderful design of the vaulted roof, or the idea of giving to each of his monks one of the delightful little carols or studies, where he could sit and read his Office, I do not know; only I am sure that on moonlight nights some of the old black robed fellows must find their way back, and sit saying their prayers in the light which

streams in through each little perpendicular window. And in the north walk are the places for these much considered Benedictines to wash their hands, a long trough into which flowed the water, and in the opposite wall recesses for the towels. And then there is the Chapter House, and the Library, and the magnificent central tower with its ancient bells still playing their four tunes to mark the time of day.

As to the clergy we meet with at Gloucester, comparatively few of them seem to have left a great mark on history, but we must at least mention that strange character Bishop Hooper, who, had he lived in a different century, might possibly never have been heard of. John Hooper began his career as a Cistercian monk at Gloucester, and ended his days as a martyr to his Protestant beliefs, and between these extremes he lived a curiously chequered existence.

After the dissolution of the monasteries, we find him in London "living too much of a court life in the palace of the King" as some contemporary writer has said, and steward to Sir Thomas Arundel. Later, disguised as a sea captain, he had to make a hurried escape to France, possibly for those very beliefs for which he afterwards paid the penalty. Thereafter follows his marriage with the Antwerp lady, Anna Tserelas, and for a time we lose sight of him, till he reappears as chaplain to Protector Somerset.

As we study his story, there rises before us the picture of a gloomy dark-eyed man, with lawn sleeves, and furred hood, on his head a black cap covering short dark hair, and below it a large prominent nose, moustache and pointed beard. It was this stern and somewhat contradictory character that Edward the Sixth named Bishop of Gloucester, and a curious conflict ensued, for these reformers were no more agreed save in their hatred for the Roman Church, than are the non-catholics of to-day. The Calvinist Hooper, for instance, refused at first to accept the bishopric, because of the oath he would be required to take by Cranmer under the new régime, which made mention of the Saints of God, but more especially because of the *Aaronic abominations* or vestments he would have to wear at his consecration. "You have got rid of the Mass," said he; "then rid yourselves of the feathers of the Mass." Upon this, Cranmer the Protestant Archbishop was ordered by Protector Somerset to consecrate him without vestments, but declared that his conscience would not allow him to do so. Ridley was then commanded to persuade him, but merely succeeded in arousing the bitter wrath of the stern Calvinist, who replied that he refused utterly to don "the impious garments," and from the pulpit proceeded to "declaim against the habits, the ordinal, and the council." So there was a great quarrel,

everyone disagreeing with everyone else, till, as a well-known writer has said, "the new church was on the point of being torn into fragments by the intemperance of her own children." At last the royal authority interposed, and committed the refractory preacher to the Fleet, where the rigours of prison life apparently cooled for a time his somewhat excessive zeal, and he condescended to put on the "polluted habit," and taking the oath was put in possession of the See of Gloucester.

There he seems to have lived an active popular life, liberal to the poor, preaching the stern doctrines of his creed three, sometimes four, times a day, till on the death of the boy King Edward he found himself once more out of favour.

We have all heard some version of what followed. A great Catholic writer, Cardinal Gasquet, has expressed it thus : "The old English Heresy Laws were, most unfortunately, revived by Parliament. Then followed that series of miserable executions and burnings which have left a lasting legacy of prejudice against the name of Mary and her advisers, as well as against the Catholic Church, which the lapse of three centuries has not been able to remove."

As he stood bound to the stake in the market-place of Gloucester, pardon was offered to the Bishop, but stern to others he was no less stern

to himself, and died a martyr to his creed. Persecution is a very difficult subject to deal with, and every one must study and decide upon it for himself. It was, however, a Catholic of Catholics, a Spanish Friar, the Confessor of King Philip who first expressed the feelings we shall all I think have to-day with regard to the death of our martyrs, whether Protestants under Queen Mary, or Catholics under Henry, Elizabeth, James I., and the other Stuarts. Alphonso di Castro, preaching before the court shortly after the death of Hooper and his fellow bishops, condemned these proceedings as contrary, not only to the spirit but to the text of the Gospel. It was not by severity but by mildness, he said, that men were to be brought into the fold of Christ, and it was the duty of the Bishops not to seek the death but to instruct the ignorance of their misguided brethren.

Another well-known character whose statue we shall find at Gloucester is that of Edward Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination as a preventive of smallpox. It stands at the west end of the nave, but his body lies buried in the parish church of Berkeley, of which town his father was vicar, while his mother was daughter of the previous vicar.

The boy Edward we are told early showed

his love for science, and after three years at Saint George's Hospital, London, during which time he became the close friend of the noted John Hunter, he returned to practise as a surgeon at Berkeley, where he was regarded as something of a dandy, riding to visit his patients in a blue coat, top boots, and silver spurs.

Smallpox was in the eighteenth century a children's disease, an appalling scourge from which very few escaped the ravages. Indeed its prevalence is sometimes given as an explanation of the very ordinary looks of the court beauties of those and previous days, they being some of the very few women whose faces were not disfigured by the disease. Now Jenner had noticed for some time past that the dairymaids at the farms around his home had beautiful fair complexions, while their hands were covered with the marks of cowpox taken from the cows they milked; and the idea came to him that the inoculation of persons with the virus of cowpox might prevent the far more serious smallpox. So on the 14th of May 1746 he tried his experiment on a boy named James Phipps, with virus taken from the hand of a milkmaid, and the boy had cowpox. In July the same boy was inoculated from a case of smallpox, and one can imagine the doctor's delight when the days and weeks passed and no sign of the terrible complaint appeared. But it was a long time

before he could get patients to be vaccinated, even in London where smallpox was rampant.

And now after years of freedom, the complaint has again broken out, and at Jenner's own county town of Gloucester. Why ?

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